THE VNFORTVNATE POLITIQUE

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TO THE COURTEOUS AND INGENIOUS *READER.*

THou hast here presented to thy acceptance, a briefe History of the most remarkable Actions and Fortunes of this irreligious & improsperous Polititian: By Birth (as the most approved Authors contend) an Idumean; a nation of most implacable malice and hostility, against God's chosen people; by usurpation and borrowed title, a King of

Iudea; *but in Fact and Goverment, a most bloody and barbarous tyrant: without all naturall affection to his own blood and alliance; (whereof scarce one survived his Treachery or Fury:) without all civill or legall regard of his people; and in one word, after the execution of those Infant Martyrs, the fittest Instrument to haue involved the sonne of God himselfe (had that horrid attempt of his been seasable) in one universall massacre of innocent mankinde.*

The Almighty providence was pleased to exalt him to an higher station, that like some malignant Comet or Prodigie of nature, hee might be more eminently discovered, and possesse the remotest and dullest eyes, with admiration and horror. But a land-mark that sheweth a Rock, is as usefull in navigati-

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on, as a compasse that guids directly, and examples instruct as well by avoidance as imitation: And if those Ancients, that erected statues and trophies by the way side, to preserve the memory of their worthies did wisely to place Gibbets there also, to affright passengers with the memory of notorious malefactors; then certainly a most effectuall spur to Religion and Vertue may bee drawn from the contemplation and horrour of this Monsters impieties and vices.

The truth of the history being selected out of Iosephus *and other approved writers, may passe without further warrant: The collection and composition, which is as the lineaments and colours, (or indeed the spirit and motion of the picture) we owe to a forraine, but a judicious and fortunate Pencill, of one, whose*

name among the most discerning Spirits, hath affectionately received the highest attributes, the judicious and eloquent Causinus; *who collecting the materials and substance from more ancient and authentick records, hath added shape and varnish according to the Idea of his own iudgement: And exposing it to the world in a French attire; I presume it will prove nothing the lesse attractive or gracefull to an English eye. The habit it weares in English, it owes to a Translatour, that needed not have suppressed his name, if his modesty would permit him to accept that Testimony, which I think, hee hath iustly gained, to have retained in this last draught, (so neere as imitation can expresse Copies, or a second draught taken from a former Picture, can match that which was first taken from the face,) the origi-*

nall and native beauty, and in this ſmall Peece to have had the happieſt hand.

So that if either truth and ſingularity of example, Art & Elegancy of compoſition, Activeneſſe and life of expreſſion, Fidelity and Felicity of tranſlation may affect thee, I hope this ſhort Hiſtory, if it faile of thy applauſe and acclamation, ſhall aſſuredly finde thy excuſe and acceptance. To either of which, (as thy iudgement ſhall incline thee) I leaue it, and Thee (after an houre or two's vacancy to this recreation,) to thy more ſerious and uſefull employments. Farewell.

THE VNFORTVNATE POLITIQUE, OR THE LIFE OF HEROD.

Have cast my eyes and thoughts on divers Hiſtories, but never could light on any that might better bring great ones really to apprehend how much they are deceived, who ſway a Court, or State by pure policie,

and humane wisdome, squaring religion to their own ends, and interests, then the life and death of this unfortunate King of *Iury*. Hee had a naturall judgement of a deep reach; an understanding, that could pierce unto, and fathome the most wonderfull and mysterious practices; & a courage mounted to the highest degree and pitch that can bee expressed: A mã that had sprung out of nothing, yet built his fortunes as high as a Throne, and established it amidst so various, so knotty, and intricate affaires, that he made himselfe to be admired even of the most understanding heads thẽ in the world. But since he built on that impious maxime, That hee ought to make Law and Religion his stalking

king-horſe for to ſerve his own purpoſes, hee led a life as full of villany, as diſquiet, which ended with the moſt wofull death that imagination can reach unto to conceive. What made me yet to reſolve upon this Hiſtory (which I have taken out of *Ioſephus*, and ſome other ſmaller fragments, and Commentaries, ſpinning it out according to the copiouſneſſe of my ſtyle, & not ſtrictly tying my ſelfe to any exact tranſlation) was, that (beſide the *Vnfortunate Politique*) you read there Innocence perſecuted and wearied in the life of a Lady that was the very mirrour of Patience; and whom I propoſe here in the firſt rank, as one of the greateſt Ornaments of our holy Court. It is not here with-

our reason, that I would cull the faireſt Roſes amidſt the ſharpeſt Thornes, ſhew her ſerenity, and calmneſſe in the greateſt tempeſt of a troubleſome ſtate; and ſeek a Hony Comb even in the jawes of a Lion: ſince from *Herods* Court I goe to fetch out a chaſt, and patient *Mariamne*, the very Tablet of Innocence, moſt deſpightfully entreated. The patience of this poore Queen deſerves to bee conſecrated with the pen of a Diamond to the Temple of Eternity; ſince it is able to eccliſe the glory of the greateſt Heroes, to tranſcend the power of Rhetorick, and to raviſh the ſpirits, even of thoſe that uſe not to admire ought that is obvious and vulgar. God who rayſes the glory of his choſen

on the foundation (as it were) of the greateſt miſeries; ſeeing the ſoule of this Princeſſe to be of a moſt hardy, and noble temper, thought fit to give her a ſpacious field for combat, that ſo ſhee might win the more glorious & triumphant Palmes of patience: And to this end he gave her wicked *Herod* to her husband, a Perſecutor, a barbarous, and infamous Executioner, but by ſo much the more ſutable to the patience of *Mariamne*, by how much the more like a Perſecutor, and a Headſman then a huſband, and a head. To know the ſtrength, and roughneſſe of this anvill, we muſt know the hammer that beat upon it: The better to ſpeak the ſingular goodneſſe of this Queen, wee muſt oppoſe

unto it an anti-parallel, the malice of *Herod*; wee muſt obſerue how this diſloyall perſon, holding his Life, Scepter, & Crown from the houſe of *Mariamne*, in recompence thereof, took away from her both Scepter, Crown, and Life. After hee had ript out her bowels (as I may ſo ſpeak) putting to death her neereſt blood before her eyes, & at laſt he ſlings her too, all weltring in her blood, upon the pile (where her kindred, and brethren were made a holocauſt) to bee the laſt ſacrifice to his helliſh furie; yet could he never ſhake her invincible patience, and conſtancy. Each one ſpeaks of *Herod*, as a man compoſed of clay tempered with blood, as of a Tyrant that would murther mercy it ſelfe:

But every man knoweth not the art, and ſubtlety, which hee uſed to get into poſſeſſion of his *Mariamne*, and *Davids* Scepter; oppreſſing the one with all Ingratitude, and ſwaying the other with extream Tyranny.

About fifty yeares before the Nativity of our Saviour, the kingdome of *Iudah*, that ſince *David* ſtood on its bottome neer a thouſand yeares (though in that period it oft had ſuffered ſtrange eccliſes, & changes, being often rent, and ſore ſhaken, & by thoſe concuſſions often knit again, and took deeper root,) found its Tombe, and utter ruine in the fatall diſcord of two Brothers. *Hyrcanus* an honeſt man, but a bad King, did then beare rule: hee had neither

ſtrength, reſolution, nor courage; as cowardlike in his charge, as innocent in his manners, & converſation. His over-facile demeanour made him degenerate into a kinde of ſtupidity, and though unable to do any harm, yet did he ſuffer himſelfe to bee an inſtrument of all the inſolencies that were committed, for that he was too ductile, & capable of the impreſſions of another. Being apprehenſive of this his weakneſſe, hee caſts the honour, and burden of the Realme (with all willingneſſe) on the ſhoulder of his brother *Ariſtobulus*, a man valiant, and hearty, but who had more imploiments then good ſucceſſe. During this declining and tottering ſtate of Royalty, *Paleſtine* was much ey-

ed, and courted of her Neighbours, and aboue all, by *Antipater* (the father of this *Herod*) an *Idumean* by birth, in's manners an *Arabian*, a factious spirit, well monied, and by his stratagems able to overturne a great Empire; who had of a long time on foot a project upon the Realm of *Iudea*, he well forelaw that it would be a hard taske for him to put in practise his wicked designes, as long as that bold Lion *Aristobulus* stood on the top, or pinacle; but if hee were once dismounted, and *Hircanus* restored to the throne, then all should be at his arbitrement and dispo-sall. What doth the *Arabian*, but goe about sowing the seeds of rebellion in the hearts of the people against their Leige Lord

Aristo-

Aristobulus? Telling them, they were disloyall cowards, to permit their lawfull King *Hircanus* to be dethroned (in whose hand nature had put the Scepter,) and the Kingdome to be transferred on a mutinous, and a turbulent spirit, who ere long would make them the wracks & desolation of all *Palestine*; that they had abandoned a King, whom they could not tax with ought, but excesse of goodnesse, to admit of one, who having entred at the gate of treachery, could not reigne over them without the trouble, and combustion of his country, when good *Hircanus* would devest himselfe of his right, they were to blame to condescend to his modesty, who was by so much the worthier to rule

rule, by how much he deem'd himſelfe the more unworthy: The glory which hee did fly frō in undervaluing his own perſon, ſhould have purſued him to his grave. If they did object againſt him too much gentleneſſe, it was the more agreeable to the piety, and ſweet behaviour of the *Iews*. If the *Danes* were to chuſe them a King, they would ever make a choiſe of a Statue, before a Sparrow-hawk. This ſubtile head, by ſuch like remonſtrances found many that gave eare unto him, partly amongſt thoſe that loved innovation, & partly too, among thoſe that were carried away with the pretended juſtice of the cauſe, & none would yet eſpie his drift, which under the colour of publique good, went about

about to erect a Monarchy for himselfe, or his heires. Having now thrust the iron so farre into the fire, hee studied how to win the heart of *Hyrcanus* with all manner of obsequiousnesse, and testimonies of friendship, which was not difficult to purchase; this Prince permitting himselfe to be overruled by those that would make any semblance of good will towards him.

Behold him now (become as it were) Lord Protector, or Guardian of this flexible spirit, when under pretence of love he possesses in that manner, that all the actions of *Hyrcanus* past currant no longer by any other authority, then the directions and counsells of *Antipater*. Nevertheless when he began to dogge

him

him forward for to make warre on his brother for the recovery of the royall Throne, hee found his heart so benumbd that he had much adoe to warm it, and strike a spark of courage into his soule, for the excessive coldnesse and the unmanlinesse of his Nature. But at length hee preacht one day effectually, and did edifie much, telling him, that this quitting of his kingdome, which he had translated to his brother, was a thing that could not stand with his Honour, and safety of Life. What eye would not distill teares to see him in that contempt, & misery, while his brother lived in riot, and pomp? This was to confound the Laws of nature, this was to authorize tyranny. Petty theeves are cast into

into a Dungeon, or Stocks, and *Aristobulus* that had usurpt a kingdome, rusled in silk, & sparkled with Diamonds.

A Kingdome was a shirt which a man should not shift off, but with his life: they were the tales and dreames of idle talking Philosophy, that Crowns were lin'd with thorns, whereas they are Rubies & Diamonds, that never yet molested any mans head. The life which then *Hyrcanus* lead, would better become an *Essean* *Monk*, or a *Capuchin*, then a King: And to conclude, that all the people desired with passion to see him reenstated in his fathers Throne. Hee possest his eares with so powerfull Rhetorique, that hee began now to gaine upon him

But

But there were many reasons, which held him in suspense. The one was his oath, by which hee had renounced his Royalty; the other want of sufficient strength for the enterprise. For the oath, *Antipater* soon resolved him of that, telling him, he swore a hainous crime, and there was nothing could obliege him to the performance; and for strength, he acquainted him with the auxiliary forces of lusty *Arabians*, which he could levy at his command. While hee yet staggerd at this unsteedy footing, he went on to breath into his heart black mistrusts, and jealousies touching his brother, as though (after he had preyed upon his estate) he had an enterprize upon his life; surmising conspiracies to be plotted

plotted against him: and this hee did with such art, & sleight, that *Hyrcanus* yeelded to him, and gave him full commission of war, or peace, to doe according as it liked him best. This concluded, the Apple of discord was flung into the midst: *Antipater* fail'd not to implore the ayd of *Aretas* King of the *Arabs*, who comes up with a mighty army, which like an inundation overruns all *Palestine*, committing all outrage, and hostility, sacking & depopulating (without mercy) all the way he went, insomuch, that hee drove *Aristobulus* to a very narrow strait, besieging him within *Ierusalem* the Metropolis, and Royall City.

But as the greater Serpent devours the lesser; so happeneth it hereupon

hereupon, that the *Romans* under the conduct of *Pompey* the Great, now displaying their dreadfull Eagles on the plaines of *Syria*, leading an army of fire, before which all other Roytlers or minor Princes were but as chaffe, make this *Arabian* glad to retire within his own territories, they march on victoriously without controle, and interpose themselves to prescribe laws, to pronounce peace, or war, how, and to whom soever they pleased. The two brothers made all Courtship to the *Roman*, to purchase his favour, and amity; each one striving eagerly to win him of his side, well perceiving that the obtaining of this would speedily put a period to the controversie. *Aristobulus* (as the more generous bold, and King-like) at the first accesse found the more favour, in re-

gard that among other largeſſes, he preſented him with a vine al of maſſie gold, one of the rareſt, and moſt exact workmanſhip in the world, which afterward, for a long time ſerved for an ornament in the Capitoll. At length behold both brothers proſtrate at *Pompey's* feet, confeſſing both, & pleading not for a Hamlet, or Vineyard, but a Kingdome; nothing ſuſpecting that while they ſtaked their fortunes in the hands of a ſtranger, (who knew no other law but his ambition) inſteed of Umpire he would play the Vulture, & claſp them in his tallons. *Antipater* ſeeing at firſt the ballance to perpend to *Ariſtobulus* his ſide, as one that the *Romans* had reaſon to hope would be more ſerviceable, & advantagious to their deſignes, never ceaſed to decry him, to caſt

blatk aſperſions on his reputation, and to work the *Romans* to a miſtruſt of his inclination towards them, ſtill fawning, and couching like a Spaniell before *Pompey* in ſo much that *Ariſtobulus* foreſeeing that this pernicious ſpirit, abuſing the name, & weakneſſe of his brother, would lel both to the *Romans*, ſets himſelfe on his gard, where he had but too much reſolution, and too litle ſtrength to cope with the Army of ſo potent an Empire. This poore Prince being overmatched, and ſinking under the weight of ſuch an encounter, was taken captive, bound in chaines with his two ſonnes and ſo many daughters, and led away to *Rome* to furniſh a triumph for *Pompey*: *Ieruſalem* is made tributary, the Pontificate confer'd upon *Hyrcanus*, but all the authority commit-

ted to the hands of *Antipater*. This was a spectacle that drew teares eve from those, who before times could not affect *Aristobulus*, to see this unfortunate King in bolts, laden with iron, together with his Princely sonnes, and the poor Ladies his daughters, all the heires of their fathers misfortunes who were, leaving their native country, where they reigned in such Honour, for to seek through so uncouth and tedious voyages by sea & land, their thraldome or death, which is the more ordinary wish of unhappy wights.

Antipater reapes the bayes of this victory, and begins (though as yet staind with blood) to establish his litle Monarchy which he had been so long a cōtriving. *Hyrcanus* seem'd like an old sepulcher which retain'd nothing but the

 name

name, or inscription. All things were effected by him in appearance, though not any thing indeed. The other entertain'd the *Romans* out of his Exchequer, bestowed presents, sent, and received Embassadours, practised confederacies, corrupted the forces of his adversaries and rid his way of all the rubs, and impediments that might oppose his advancement, & greatnesse; and made it believed that this mild Pontiffe was prime mover and author of all. Then seeing himselfe each day to grow stronger in repute and authority, the better to assure the Realme for his sonnes after his decease, hee made the elder (namely *Phasetus*) governour of *Ierusalem*, and on *Herod* his younger son he conferr'd the Prefecturship of *Galile*. In short time after, whē he had suckt

up all the winde with his flatulent ambition had engendred, and being now at his *non ultra*, not knowing which way to bend his machinations, he ſuckt up a glaſſe of poyſon that was miniſtred unto him at a feaſt by the device of *Malicus* his enemie. Behold here the iſſue of humane practices! Thoſe who are drunk with ambition, and are mad for Honours which they ſeeke to arrive at by miſchievous plots, and all the travell of body and minde, are like thoſe litle bubbles which ariſe on the ſurface of the water in a tempeſt, they ſwell, and burſt in a moment. *Antipater* being dead, his two ſonnes, *Phaſelus* and *Herod* ſhare equally in the ſucceſſion, each of them maintaines his own ſtation firmly, & ſtudies to temper the matter ſo as to get *Hyrcanus*

ſtill to act the ſame part to repreſent a King. *Herod* was no ſooner entred upō his charge, even while his father was yet living (being not full fifteen yeares of age) ſhewed early what in time hee would prove by ſome excurſions of his inbred diſpoſition, which ſometimes hee made to ſallie out, like thoſe litle ſtreaks, and ſparks of heat in the ayre, that burſt out of a cloud, and then after flaſh in lightning. He was of a fraudulent, and malignant ſpirit, ambitious even to a degree of madnes, whoſe fingers did alwaies itch to bee imbrued in blood, and ſlaughter; and indeed he ſtained his tender years and the prologue of his reigne with effuſion of humane blood, putting to the ſword *Ezekias*, who indeed lived in the eſteem of a Rover & common robber; but

he cut in peeces many other *Iews* with him without diſcerning the guilt deſſe,ted the guilty, which cauſed that many innocent ſoules were involv'd in this common ruine. The mothers of theſe people who were maſſacred by *Herod*, ſtirr'd not out of the Temple, lamenting, and with their heire diſheveld, demanding juſtice from *Hyrcanus*, who was but an Idoll, or Statue of Majeſtie. Notwithſtanding being importun'd with the cryes of theſe diſtreſſed women, & ſet on by ſome of his Nobility, he cauſed *Herod* to be ſummond for to appeare in judgement. In this action it was well that this young Prince ſhewed ſome reſolution, and gave ſome aſſurance of courage. Others that were accuſed came to this Parliament of *Iudea*, all ſad & dejected,

but

but he arrived thither as to a feast or Theatre, attended with a flourishing convoy clad in Skarlet, all perfum'd and his haire frizel'd, & moreover with Letters of recommendation from the *Romans*, which were writ in the stile of authority, and military language, commanding the Iudges to acquit him without any further processe. Hee was scarce fifteen yeares of age, and yet with his very presence dasht the Iudges, and Advocates so out of countenance that of all those that had provided long haranges against him, there was not one that durst open his mouth while he was there. One of the Iudges whose name was *Sameas*, a right honest man, and of more courage then all the rest, spake aloud to King *Hyrcanus*, who was there present. I doe not wonder

that

that this young Lord appeares before this Tribunal in such equipage every man would secure him selfe as well as he may; but I doe wonder Sir, that you and your Counsell should omit this demeanour, as if he came hither not to be judg'd, but to cut the Iudges throats. You will now pardon him in favour, but he will one day assacinate you in justice. And indeed of this whole Senate there scap'd not one that *Herod* did not put to death, when he had got the full power of the kingdome, except him onely that had delivered his opinion of him with this bold simplicity. It is recorded of this *Sameas*, how that some yeares after a question being made of receiving *Herod* to bee their King, when others did stiffely oppose it, he spake freely that hee gave his suffrage

ſuffrage to *Herod*, & as they were wondring at the ſpeech, marvell not at the matter (quoth he) God would give you a King in his anger, and hee could not finde one naughtier then *Herod*: He is the ſcourge which you doe want to chaſtiſe your infidelity. *Hyrcanus* then ſeeing the Iudges ſomewhat animated by the ſpeech of *Sameas* and to be more inclined to the ſide of Iuſtice then Mercy, made him ſecretly to ſlink away, for hee loved him intirely, and ſo hatcht the egge of a Cockatrice within his own boſome. *Herod* who came not any way behind his Father in pollicie, following his examples and practices adhered firmly unto the *Romans*, winning them by all manner of obſervances, and entertaining *Hyrcanus* with all pleaſance, and flattery. The kingdome

of

of *Iudea* seemd as yet to bee farre enough from his reach; *Phaselus* as the elder held the better part of it: *Aristobulus* whom you have seen led away in chaines to *Rome*, had yet two sonnes, whereof the elder call'd *Alexander* was father to chast *Mariamne*, whose patience we doe here blazon; the other was *Antigonus*, who spunne *Herod* a spindle full of matter to untwist. But hee was soone rid of both; for unfortunate *Alexander* successour of his father *Aristobulus* his disasters, being come to the field with certaine forces, which he had pickt up as well as his weak fortunes enabled him, was oppresst by the *Romans*, who came to the assistance of *Herod*. *Antigonus* being got loose from captivity, wherein he was detained at *Rome*, together with his father *Aristobu-*

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lus, cut out much employment too for *Herod*. For casting himselfe into the armes of the *Parthians*, hee made them so many promises, and swel'd them with such hopes that they undertook to invest him with the kingdome: and forthwith they made preparations by Sea & Land, and prevailed so far both by force, and cunning, that they chased out *Hyrcanus*, & *Phaselus*. *Herod* very narrowly escapt his life, and though he had a courage of steele, yet was hee so amaz'd with this surprise, that hee went very neer to make himselfe away. *Hyrcanus* was very courtly handled by the command of his Nephew *Antigonus*, he had his eares cropt off, and so was made forever uncapable of the Pontificate. *Phaselus*, *Herods* brother, being so enraged with this unexpected

chance

chance of fortune, dasht his brains against a stone.

Herod, who had alwaies stuck as close to the *Romans*, as the Ivy to the wall, seeing his affaires in such a plunge & extream hazard, implores their aid, and complains in most pathetick expressions of the violence of *Antigonus*, the incursions, and hostility of the *Parthians*, puts them in minde of the good services of his father *Antipater*, and promises on his part the Ocean, and all the Icaly Legions. Which letters found so good successe, that he (beyond all hopes and expectation) was proclaimed King of *Iudea*, and *Antigonus* an enemy to the *Roman* estate because a fugitive, and allyed to the *Parthians*. *Herod* pursues him with hue & cry, being assisted with the forces of the *Roman Empire*. *Antigonus*

tigonus still unfortunate in all adventures, after a fierce encounter, and long resistance was taken prisoner, and was the first of any king that by the command of *M. Anthony* was executed in a manner so unbefitting his quality, and to the *Romans* unusuall, leaving his head upon a scaffold in the City of *Antioch*, for no other reason then seeking to recover his fathers inheritance: But *Strabo* saith that *M. Anthony* knew no other way to make *Herod* to bee agniz'd for King; both for that there were yet living some of the blood Royall, that were capable of the Scepter, and for that the people loved their naturall King, but hated the stranger.

This Tragœdy ended, *Herod* mounted on the top of fortunes wheele. Loe all the thornes in his

way

way (as he thinks) now grub'd up. There now remained of the Illustrious race of the *Hasmoneans*, but an aged & weather-beaten Prince, one infant Boy, and two Girles to bee defeated. *Hyrcanus* was that aged Prince, who in truth drew an unwilling breath, whose head many turmoiles, and vicissitudes of fortune hastned his hoary haire, he was then held captive in the *Parthians* hands, but the King, though a *Barbarian*, had cōpassion on a milde, debonaire nature in so deplor'd a case, so that hee permitted him to live within the walls of *Babylon*, with all the liberty as might be desired. This poor Prince who liv'd all his life time without any ambition did beare this change of fortune with an equall temper, and tenor of minde. The *Iews* who lived in that

Kings dominions seeing him so maim'd, and in a manner excoriated with stripes, poore & forlorn, yet gave him the respect of a King and expressed such honour, and reverence towards him, that hee found a kingdome (in a manner even in his captivity.) *Herod* who saw that this man might stand him yet in some steed against those that could disquiet and annoy his anxious and unsetled estate dispatcheth an Embassadour strait to the King of the *Parthians*, with many faire presents, and Letters fraught with sugred words, and soothing complements; wherein hee doth beseech him not to bereave him of that onely and best contentment that he had in the world but to adde this curtesie unto his former favours wherewith hee had obliged him. *Hyrcanus*, saith hee, was his

good Benefactor, his Protector, & Father, and since God had now given some repose unto his affairs, it would be a singular comfort unto him to communicate the Scepter, the cares and pleasures of a King with one so trusty & so worthy to be beloved. The *Parthian* King willing to gratifie *Herod* whom he saw to be supported by the *Roman* Empire, (which he did more fear for its puissance, then honour for its valour) granted full leave to *Hyrcanus* to goe whither he would. He (good man) consulted with the principall men of his nation, who did altogether dissuade him from it, but the easiness of his good nature (which did always swallow the bait without heeding the hooke) yielded to the supposed curtesies of *Herod*, and so returned straight to *Jeru-*

lem, where hee was received with all demonstrations of joy, & amity. Behold now all the Royall family in the hands of this barbarous usurper. *Hyrcanus* had but one daughter, who took not after her fathers kinde, for shee was extream haughty, and in this servitude did fret, and champ upon the bit with much discontent. She was the mother of two children, a Boy and a Girle, his name was *Aristobulus*, and hers *Mariamne*, who was after married to *Herod*. *Mariamne* was esteemed the most beautifull Princesse in the world. For *Gellius*, who went about to survey the rarest features in the world, for to return a List of them to *M. Anthony*, having well scan'd the most excellent pieces of Nature, when he saw *Mariamne*, he protested that all other beauties were

course, & cast in a mould of earth, in comparison of this which seemed to him to have dropt from the spheres, & to have been drawn by some divine, and immortall Limmer. This man saw but the bark, and casket, and yet was ravished with admiration; but her comelinesse of body was nothing in comparison of the noble qualities of her soule. This was a tender Imp of the stock of the famous *Machabees*, well verst in Gods laws, discreet, modest, & respectfull, that as *Susanna*, but above all couragious and patient, living in the Court of *Herod* as *Iob* upon the dunghill. Never was beauty, & goodnesse so discountenanc'd, & unhappy in the fortunes of one person. This creature that might have been courted by so many Princes, that might have had such

attendance

attendance ever ready at her feet, had now *Herod* for her Lord, who had nothing of a man but skin, & shape; and it was even all one to couple the Lamb with the Lion, the Dove with the Hawk, and tye the living to the dead, joyning the mouth to mouth, as to wed such a Lady to such a Monster. But hee that had now the power in his own hand, sues for her very passionatly, both for her unparalled beauty, and moreover the better to strengthen his estate, considering that the alliance of this young Lady, who descended from so great kindred, would adde honour to him, and his house, who was but lately sprung up, and might make him to place more confidence in the *Jews*, and make them more loving and loyall to him.

Hyrcanus the Grandfather of

Mariamne, and *Alexandra* her mother, seeing that *Herod* had now got his head aboue the waters, and was become master of his affaires, having now got the Scepter into his own hands, although by tyranny, and intrusion; yet they measuring all by his place, & fortunes, not by his person and conditions, judg'd that this marriage might be yet for their advantage, and that his wife might supple his harsh nature, and make him more favourable to the Royall house. This noble maid fore-saw well that to put her into the hands of *Herod*, was to cast her into the Lions jawes: But not to contradict those to whom shee owed her being, and to obey the lawes of necessity, shee submitted her neck to the yoke, fortifying her royall heart against all the stormes that

seemed

seemed to threaten & come thronging upon her. Behold her now married! *Herod* loues her, as the Huntsman doth his Venison for his own ends, and benefit: not loosing by loue one graine of his former ambition, or cruelty. This perverse thing held a kingdome like a woolfe by the eares, still fickle, and shaking, and when his affaires seemed to be well setled, hee studied nothing but how to rid himselfe of those, whom hee had stript naked of their fortunes, and strength. His Queen could finde no respect, nor could she any whit mollifie, and reclaim his savage conditions; hee shewed how little affection he bare to her soly, when he wrought for his own pretended interests, at that time when it was debated whom to Surrogate to be grand Pontife in lieu of Hyrca-

nus, who (by his late deformation) being irregular in the law, was excluded from the Altar. Herod saw every day before his eyes in his own Court young Aristobulus, the only brother of his wife a Prince every way accomplisht, and generally designed for the Throne, yet he casts his eyes abroad and goes to seek beyond Euphrates in the City of Babylon a forraigne Jew named Ananell, & created him chiefe Priest. This was a pill which Alexandra the mother of Aristobulus, and Mariamne could not easily swallow. It was in vain to candy o're the businesse: Shee saw manifestly the rejection of her house, in that her son (notwithstanding so many obligations) was in a manner dispossest of an honour, which blood & nature, and the generall vote of the world

did call him unto, and to be bestowed on a man of no worth, no repute. Shee could not well represse her anger from breaking out, and that in a higher straine then the miseries of the times, and malice of *Herod* would suffer us questioned. *Mariamne* all this while injoying the tranquility of her noble minde, goes upon a day unto the King, and with her naturall gracefulnesse, and sweet carriage tells him, that the prop, & stay of her house was sore shaken, and greatly weakned, & at the present in such a plight that she had no joy to hold a Scepter any longer: She desired only shee might quit the world with honour. Had he then bestowed the Miter on her brother, he had advanced a creature, whom he could not stand in feare of, his Scepter being thereby the more

more secured, and of whom hee could not (in all reason) but hope the best, who was but young, and tender as wax? being in his own hand, shee could temper, and stamp what impressions he pleased. This act would haue made him reigne in hearts as well as Provinces, when men should see him the father, and protectour of the young son of *Hyrcanus*, whose vertues he had alwaies honoured. Lastly, that the honor which did redound to her by his alliance could not seem to her consummate, so long as she saw her own blood debar'd from those honours, and promotions which he could place them in, without any prejudice to his own estate.

Herod suffred himselfe to bee wonne for that time by the charming language of *Mariamne*, and when

when he had well poodred the business, after mature deliberation, he resolved to confer the Pontificate on young *Aristobulus* his brother in law, which was performed with great solemnity. He assembles his friends in the Pallace hall, then calling for *Alexandra*, hee made a set speech against her in the presence of them all, much cōplaining of her behaviour, and telling them that she studied nothing but how to thwart, and disquiet his affaires, and to take from him a Scepter which Heaven made him to purchase with much travell, & sweat, for to put it into the hands of an Infant to the prejudice of the Queen her daughter: nevertheless he could forget injuries, but could not forget his nature, which was to doe well to those that sought to doe him harme. In testimony

ſtimony and confirmation hereof, hee conferres the Pontificate on her for this purpoſe being never any other, and the Surrogation of *Anane* made with no other intention then to continue for a time, while hee did expect the childe ſhould grow to riper yeares. This poore mother ambitious according to and beyond the nature of her ſex, (upon this tender of the Pontificate) was ſo tranſported with joy, that her heart melted at her eyes, and thereupon avowed freely to *Herod*, that ſhe attempted all the means poſſible to retain the *Tiare* in the royall houſe, judging it a matter very unbefitting to transfer it another way: but as for the Kingdome that ſhe never pretended any right to it, & that ſuch deſignes were farre from her thoughts: when it would pleaſe

God to sequester her from the world she would dye with a contented heart, leaving her son great Pontifie, and her daughter Queen. Moreover if she had lasht it out beyond the bounds of duty, and decency in uncivill speeches, that she was excusable, as being a mother very tenderly affected towards a son that deserv'd to be beloved, the mother in law of a King to whom such a neer affinity would permit of some more liberty of speech, and the daughter of a King to whom servitude was such a tough morsell, that her stomache could not well digest, and since he did deal so friendly with her, that he should have no occasion hereafter forth to complain of her contumacy, and disobedience. Hereupon they joyn hands, and behold them now very good friends. But

alas

alas how like are the friendships of this world to the felicity of it? Worldly friendship is fickle & deceitfull, & worldly felicity hangs on a rotten Cable, & hath its foundation on the Quick-sands. This poore mother rejoyced for a little tickling of her ambition, but could not perceive that her sonne was not a Priest indeed, but a sacrifice to the cruelty of *Herod*. Wife *Mariamne*, who by long experience had learn't to hold prosperity still in suspicion, would not permit her heart to be so dilated, nor give the reynes to her joyes, but that she arm'd her self each day against the revolt of fortune. The feast of Tabernacles which is so solemnly celebrated among the *Iews*, being come, *Aristobulus* after he had served a while for a cipher is shamefully disgarded. *Aristobu-*

lus

lus begins to exercise his function: He was then but seventeen yeares of age, but of a very tall stature, well proportion'd, and streight as a Palm-tree, glorious as a Star, and very much resembling his father: When the people saw him accoutred in his Pontificalibus, which were full of Majesty, marching up to the Altar, and performing his office with such gravity and decency, hee seem'd to them like a new Sunne that issued out of the Clouds, and came to guild the world, which was before enwrapt in gloomy darknesse. The hearts of all the *Hebrews* which had groaned under the pressures of civill warres, did now spread like Roses by the favourable aspect of this young Pontifie. His naturall comelinesse enchased (as it were) within his Majestick Robes did

cast

cast an incredible luster, and flare-lineſſe, which did dazle the eyes of the ſpectators. Some beheld him with a wiſt, and earneſt look, remaining like ſtatues; but yet their teares prov'd, that their eyes were not of marble. Others did betray their affections by many dumb emblems, and inarticulate expreſſions. Others gaue vent to their joyes, and their mouthes de-livered what their hearts conceiv'd, not being able to forbeare acclamations, though ſomewhat too free in reſpect of the times, yet pardonable in their ſimple affection. They call'd to minde the proweſſe of thoſe ancient *Macchabees*, who had redeem'd them from Idolatry; they knew how that poore *Hyrcanus* was but a Ghoſt, or ſhadow ſurviving his owne funerall. They had freſh in

memory

memory the Grandfather of this young Pontifie, the great *Aristobulus*, who was led away manacled, and fast bound in cords like a Gallie-slave to *Rome*. They were not ignorant how that *Alexander* his father, and his uncle *Antigonus* had lost their lives in opposing the usurpation of a stranger. This young Prince alone remain'd, that had escapt so many wracks, and they saw that in his youth did live and spring forth the hopes of their country, and (as it is easie to believe what we love) they perswaded themselves, that *Herod* who at the beginning demanded the Realme in the name of this young Prince *Aristobulus*, was now to relinquish the booty, yeelding to equity, and right. And for this effect, they did expresse their applause with the more freedome.

But the ignorant multitude were far out in their accompts.

Herod having well obſerv'd the poſture of this peoples countenance, ſaw that to talke out-right according to maxims of ſtate, or to make a grave morall ſpeech, would have ſavoured ſomewhat of a Clark, (and this was not his method or ordinary ſtile) but enters into a furious jealouſie, & cauſeth the Pontifie, and his mother, and his own wife to be ſo narrowly watcht, and their actions pried into, that they could not wag a finger but he was advertis'd thereof. The prudent *Mariamne*, among theſe ſuſpicions, ſtill living in good reſpect, appeaſing diſcontents on either party, as much as her employments would permit her: But her mother *Alexandra* being prickt to the heart to ſee her ſelfe among

among ſo many ſpies, and eves-droppers, who ever ruled, and ſtill would faine converſe with Royall freedome, reſolv'd to play hazard, either to quit loſſes, or to double them, and to break the bonds of her ſpecious ſervitude, or to offer her neck to *Herods* fauchion. So high a point did her miſeries carry her to! In this extremity, what doth ſhee? *Cleopatra* that Queene, whoſe name had travel'd the world over, and fill'd it with the noiſe, was at that time in *Egypt*; and ſhe hated *Herod* naturally, both for his barbarous conditions, and for ſome reſpects of her own: for ſhee underſtood by good intelligence that he had entermedled in her affaires, and had counſell'd *M. Anthony* to forſake her, yea, and to take away her life too. This Tyrant was ſo accu-

from'd to the word Kill, that hee preſcribes eaſily to others thoſe remedies which himſelfe us'd for his own maladies. 'Tis a ſtrange memorable thing that *Cleopatra* being to paſſe one day through *Iudea*, he took a reſolution to ſend her to another world, thinking to gratifie *Mark. Anthony* by this meanes: but his friends diſſwaded him from it, telling him it was an enterpriſe too raſh, and difficult, & able to ruine his fortunes eternally. But yet the project was never diſcovered. *Cleopatra* had but too much reaſon to hate *Herod*: which did embolden diſtreſſed *Alexandra* to write unto her in theſe tearmes.

ALEX-

ALEXANDRA
to Queen
CLEOPATRA
Sends Greeting.

MADAM

SInce God hath made you to be borne with that advantage aboue all other Queenes for eminent qualities, it ſtands with good reaſon, that your greatneſſe ſhould ſerve as a refuge, and Sanctuary to the innocent, and an Altar to miſerable perſons. Poore *Alexandra* that hath ſo much innocence without ſupport, and too much miſery without all ſuccour, or cõſolation, caſts her ſelfe into the armes of your Majeſtie, & is now become your ſuppliant not for the

recovery of a Scepter, [but for the security of her life, and the life of her son, which is the most pretious gage, and pledge of heavens bounty, that was now left her. Your Majestie is not ignorant how that fortune made mee the daughter and mother of a King, but *Herod* hath reduc'd me to the rankey and condition of Maid-servants. I am not ambitious of my suffering which I had rather dissemble, then with ostentation repeat, but all that a slave can endure in a Galley, doe I undergoe in a Kingdome, by the inhumanity of a son in law, who having snatcht the Diadem into his hands, would faine deprive me also of life. Wee are all the day among spies, knives and the apprehensions of death, which would doe us lesse harme if it were more luculent. Reach out

your assisting hand to the afflicted and grant us some small obscure nook within your Realme, while we expect this tempest to be blown over; while we wait the dawning of some hope, and some light of comfort to shine againe on our affaires: The glory will remaine yours, ours the eternall commemoration of your piety.

Cleopatra having received these Letters, made answer without delay, and invited her to come down to *Egypt* with all speed convenient, and her son with her, telling her that she held it an honour for her to bee able to serve for an harbour to the afflictions of such a Princesse. Departure is fully resolved of, but the meanes to contrive it was a piece of difficultie. Poore *Ia* knew no way to steale her selfe away from this *Argus*, who had

so many eyes upon her: at last (as the wits of women are nimble for inventions, especially in cases that neerely concern them) shee without imparting her intention to any body, no not to her daughter *Mariamne*, fearing least her too soft, and tender nature would advise her to continue still within the bounds of patience, rather then to undergoe so dangerous, and wearisome a voyage: shee (I say) consorting the businesse, onely to her own fancy, caus'd two Coffins (by an unlucky omen) to be provided for to put her selfe and her son in; (thinking by this meanes to delude the diligence of the Guard, wherein they were to bee conveyed to the sea-side, where lay a Shippe ready to waft them, and so to save her life through the dominions of death. But by misfortune

one

one of her ſervants named *Eſop* one of thoſe that ſhould have carried the Coffin, going to viſit one *Sabbion*, a man well affected to the houſe of *Alexandra*, hapned to let fly ſome ſpeeches touching this adventure of his Miſtris, as thinking hee had talkt to one that was privie to all her ſecrets. Perfidious *Sabbion* had no ſooner pumpt out the whole ſtory from this groom, but he repaires ſtraight to *Herod*, to diſcloſe all that hee had heard, judging this to bee a very expedient courſe for to purchaſe a reconciliation: for hee was a long time ſuſpected to bee of the faction of *Alexandra*. *Herod*, when he received this intelligence, multiplies the number of his ſpies and ſentinells. The poore Lady is apprehended, and taken out of the Coffin (as out of the Sepulchre of the

dead, & condemned to live a longer captivity) all abasht, & chasing for that the Comedy sorted not to a wisht effect, thinking that (since shee mist her aym) shee should not desire to live any longer. Yet notwithstanding *Herod* (whether it was that he feared the great name of *Cleopatra*, or that he would not startle *Alexandra*, that hee might oppresse her by some more facile way,) did nothing to her for the present: He kept close within himselfe, dissembling over the matter, witout speaking one word thereof, though hee saw the clouds to gather thick, and ready to burst into thunder and tempest.

This royall Divell that had rid so many soules out of the world by Martiall Law, and force of Armes, would now send away one in post. Upon a day in summer,

as

as hee dined with unhappy *Alexandra*, fayning all that had past to be buried in deep oblivion, tells her that in favour of youth, hee would play the young man, and invites *Aristobulus* his brother in law to play at Racket, or some such exercise. The match is made, the emulation growes hot, the young Prince being earnest at his game had not plaid long before he was all in a sweat, as many other Lords, and Gentlemen were. Behold they runne all to the waters which did glide along neere the place of recreation. *Herod* (who well knew the customs of *Aristobulus*, and presupposed that hee would not fayle to goe and fling himselfe into these cold bathes) doth villanously complot with some youngsters, who (understanding of sporting) should make him

drink

drinke more water then should serve to quench his thirst. All things succeed according as hee had forecast. *Aristobulus* seeing others in the water, strips himselfe of his cloathes, and beates them company, hee had no other intent but to swim, play, and skirmish on this element, alwaies dangerous, though not so treacherous as *Herod*. The poore sacrifice frisks, & leaps, nothing aware of the misfortune that attended him. But the execrable murtherers knew it wel, forespying their opportunity at this fatal sport, they stifle the poor Pontifie under the mercilesse waters, being the 18 yeare of his age, and the first of his Pontificate. This faire sun which arose with such splendor and applause, sets under the waters never to rise again but with the paleness of death

in's

in's viſage. O humane hopes, where, or what be yee? Meere dreames of waking men, aëry phantaſmes of flitting fire, that ſhine only to be extinguiſhed, and in extinguiſhing bereave us of light, leaving us a bad ſtench, and the ſorrow of your loſſe! This Prince in whom was built a new all the hopes, and glory of the royall houſe of the *Haſmoneans*; This Prince that ſhould have reunited the Miter, and the Diadem, and revived the honour of a race quite extinct, behold him now by accurſed treaſon ſtifl'd under water, in ſuch an age, and of ſo comely a perſonage, that they made this accident by ſo much the more full of pitty, by how much it was more deſperate of all remedy. At this newes all the City of *Ieruſalem* was in ſuch amazement, as if

Ne-

Nebuchadnezar being returned from the other world stood again before her gates. Every where there was nothing but teares and lamentations, but horrour and astonishment, out-cries, and the image of death. You would have said that each house carried forth to buriall their first borne, as had been seen long before to fall out in *Egypt*. But aboveall others *Alexandra* the pitious mother afflicted her selfe with sorrow that would admit of no consolation: Sometime shee bemoan'd, lying prostrate on the dead corps of her son, seeking within his eyes (those two ecclipsed luminaries) and on his cold lips for some remnant of life: Sometimes she roles her eyes like some franticke Priestesse of *Bacchus*, crying for fire & sword, halters and precipices, that shee

might put a period to her life and miseries! Heavie *Mariamne*, (though the patientst of all) yet had much adoe to withstand the violent assault of incomparable griefe: shee lov'd this brother entirely, as the portrait of her selfe, as the dispositary of her heart, as the hope of her house too miserably rent, and all wounded with griefe (as she was;) yet (good Lady) she thought of the sorrows of her mother, and lies behind the dead body of her brother, as if she had been the very shadow thereof. Then turning to God with an affectionate heart she sends up this ejaculation.

"O my God behold mee now "in an estate wherein I have no- "thing more to feare but thy ju- "stice, and nothing more to hope "for then thy mercies. Hee for "whom

"whom I fear'd, and in whom I
"hop'd all that might be fear'd or
"hopt for in all the events, and af-
"faires of this world is raviſht
"from me by ſome ſecret decree
"of thy providence, which I have
"taught my hart to adore, though
"the weakneſſe of my apprehen-
"ſion cannot trace the footſteps
"of it. If among ſo many calami-
"ties, I did yet ſuck any ſweetnes
"from the world in preſence of
"this object, which thou haſt be-
"reaved mee of, loe I am now
"robd of all; hence forward, I ſhal
"finde nothing but wormwood,
"that ſo renouncing all earthly
"comforts, I may learne to reliſh
"thoſe which are proper to thy
"children reſerv'd in Heaven. Be-
"hold how pious and gentle ſouls
"can extract hony out of the rock
"and turn all to merit even the di-
"ſtillation

" ſtillation of a teare that trickles
" down the cheekes. The impati-
" ent, as *Alexandra*, wound them-
" ſelves without all conſolation,
" torture themſelves without re-
" medy, and ſometimes ſplit a-
" gainſt the rock of diſpaire with-
" out remiſſion.

What ſhall wee ſay that *Herod* too in this ſad conſort of grief did beare his part? He made (indeed) an outward ſhew, and by cloſe hypocriſie, did well perſonate a reall mourner. He curſt the ſport, rail'd againſt fortune: He charg'd Heaven with ſiniſter envy in bereaving him of an object, on whom he deſired to expreſſe all the cordiall love, and reſpect that he bore to the royall houſe, to the which he did (in part) owe his advancement.

He went to viſit the Queen, and

her Mother very ceremoniously; and when he beheld them bemoaning about the dead body, the brinish teares gusht out of his eyes: whether it was that he had taught them to drop at command, to carry this dissembling the more artificially, or whether indeed he had some compassion, or pang of grief beholding on the one side this render flowre, so early cut down with deaths impartiall sickle, together with so many celestiall graces, which found their period and horizon, at the point of their uprising and nativity; and on the other side considering the poore Queene drown'd in a sea of sorrow, which to behold might force teares from rocks. This perfidious wretch that had some thing (yet of a man, and I believe that nature for that time did extort this teares from

his barbarous cruelty: hitherto he feigned himselfe to have suppreſt his griefe manfully, then turning to the Ladies, tells them that hee was not come then to dry up the flouds of their teares ſo ſoone, which had but too juſt a ſubject to be ſpent upon, himſelfe had not the power to keep back his, he was forc'd to give nature leave to haue her courſe, and act her part, time would ſhortly act his too, and apply a plaiſter to their griefes; that he would performe in the memory of the dead Prince as much as an only ſon could expect from an affectionate father, and potent King, and that thenceforth hee would bee the ſon of *Alexandra*, the husband and brother eke of *Mariamne*, ſince God would needs redouble his obligations by the loſſe that they had ſuffered.

Genuine Tyranny, what is it but an insatiable appetite of revenge? *Alexandra* who (a man would think) should have thundred in injurious and reproachfull termes, as one that knew well that *Herod* (whatsoever hee put upon it) was author of this Tragœdy, did dissemble the matter very strongly without shewing towards the king on her part, so much as a discontented look when time and place would favour her. *Herod* withdrawing himselfe now from the stage, thought hee had acted his part wondrous well, without casting any shadow of suspicion on his side, seeing that *Alexandra* did not utter a syllable, whose manner was to pout, and quarrell on farre smaller occasions. To bring in the last lenitive, he causes the funeralls of the deceased Prince to bee celebrated

brated with such pomp, and magnificence, that nothing more could be added, both for the order, or conduct, and for the rarity of the spices, and odours, and also for the costly structure of the Sepulchre: the simpler sort did verily believe that this proceeded from a true, & sincere affection; but wiser judgements said they were but feigned teares, or wrung out perforce, and that *Herod* could not be sad in earnest for this accident, which took the more out of his eye, and did settle him in full possession of the Kingdome of *Iudea*. *Alexandra* joyning the passion of sorrow with that of vengeance, fayl'd not presently after funerall rites performed to advertise Queen *Cleopatra* of all that had hapned, and in such dolefull accents, that each period seem'd to have beene writ

in teares of blood. *Cleopatra*, who was already well prepar'd, took fire suddenly: shee entertaines the matter so hotly, as though it had been her own, shee gives the alarme to the whole Court, shee storines & doth continually lash the eares of M. *Anthony*, crying, that this was a thing insupportable, to see a forreigner weare a Scepter, that did by no right belong to him, to massacre the heyre apparent with such barbarous cruelty, to keep poore Queenes in slavery against all reason, and the priviledge of their births. *Anthony* who knew that *Herod* was his creature, & the work of his own hands, did not willingly give eare to these complaints: Nevertheless to satisfie *Cleopatra*, he swore a solemn oath, that hee would examine the businesse, and would send for *Herod*,

and if he found him guilty of such barbarousnesse, he would execute exemplary justice upon him. Behold *Herod* is summoned to *Laodicea*, where *M. Anthony* for a time was to sojourn', hither hee is cited to make his appearãce, & to purge himselfe of the murther of *Aristobulus*, which hee was held to be the author of. This was a crack of thunder to his guilty soule, which did terribly awaken him, when he least of all thought of it, & put him in such fearefull dumps, and apprehensions that can scarce bee imagined. On the one side hee had before his eyes the guilt of his offence, and the voice of blood which cryed loudly in his eares: On the other side, hee saw that all his fortune did depend on *M. Anthony*, who would not have stirr'd then, but by the instigations of

Cleopatra his mortall adversary, & whom hee knew to have had a great longing after the Kingdome of *Iudea* for her own accommodation. But nothing tortur'd his braines so much as some franticke fit of jealousie, for hee imagined that *Anthony*, a wanton Prince, who went about to observe the beauties of Queenes, would have had a taste of his wife, whose picture had been before brought unto him, and that for to purchase his quietnesse, he would cause him to prostitute her, as a sacrifice to his lustfull pleasures.

The man was puzzl'd and perplext on all sides, and did descry every where objects of feare and danger; sometimes he resolves on a voluntary banishment, sometimes hee thought it the better course to rid himselfe out of the world

world, another time he musters up his wits, and strength, and goes about to make resistance; but nothing seem'd better in his judgement, then to delay, and protract the businesse, as much as he could possibly. *Anthony* being ready prest for his expedition against the *Parthians*, sends for him in good earnest; his delayes, and evasions did improve the former suspicion. He must needs travell: or resolve to loose all. Hee takes leave of his Mother-in-law *Alexandra*, and his wife *Mariamne*, without all feare, or complaining, not shewing any signe of discontentment, as if he had been to make a journy only for pleasure. Moreover, he had yet his own Mother at Court, and his Sister *Salome*, to whom hee gave strict charge to watch heedfully the steps and behaviour

haviour of those who he thought had wrapt this web for him. Then taking his unkle *Iosepha* aside, hee speakes to him in these words; Uncle, you know the businesse which calls me to *Laodicea*, which is indeed of no small consequence, being my innocence undermin'd with so much study, & eagernes, and by many powerfull personages, who ought the more to be feared, if their purposes could take so much effect as it hath of affection. But I hope to break through this mist, and fowle weather, that you shall see me triumph over calumny by mine integrity, as you have ever seen me triumph over hostile attempts by mine Armes: if God dispose of it otherwise, all this trouble is procured mee for my beauteous wifes sake, on whō *M. Anthony* might have some plot, &

this

this might be the occasion of hastning my journey, for to give his passion more cast and liberty. But for the present I adjure you by the respect you did alwaies beare towards me, by my fortune which you dot reverence, by our bloud and nature, that if (peradventure) you doe understand, that I been otherwise entreated then my quality and innocence will beare, you permit not after the death of Herod that his bed be injur'd. Maintaine the Kingdome for you and yours, and cause my wife forthwith to be dispatcht out of the world, for to beare mee company in another life. Kill her resolutely for feare some take possession of her after my death. If soules departed have any sense, or feeling of the affaires of this world, this will greatly solace, and content

Ioseph

Ioseph was not a litle startled at this tale; yet promises notwithstanding to put all things in execution according to his will, in case necessity required it. But his fortune alwaies dreadfull, and invincible, made him to conceive farre better hopes. Hereupon hee sets him on his way, taking with him the choicest pieces, and ornaments in his Treasury for to present unto those, whom he should stand in need of: shewing moreover such confidence in his countenance, as he harbour'd dispaire in his heart.

When he was arrived at *Laodicea*, he found many strange informations, & articles drawn against him, which did charge him sorely with the murther of *Aristobulus*. It was made manifest to *M. Antony*, that *Herod* had alwaies his eyes, and thoughts bent upon the kingdome

kingdome of *Iudea*, set on by his furious and exorbitant ambition, so that nothing more did check his hopes then to see *Aristobulus* living, to whom hee knew in his conscience, the Scepter so justly to belong, that he durst not beg it himselfe from the *Romans*, but with the title of Regency, & Protectorship, during the minority of the right heire. That hee had converted his Regency first into a Royalty, then to Tyranny, removing (as much as possibly hee could) the blood Royall from all dignities, for to advance men of naught into such places, witnesse *Ananel* substituted to the Pontificate, whereof *Hyrcanus* was dispoil'd, that which made him change his purpose was not his good will and affection, but importunity, and the apparent danger

which

which he saw to arise by the peoples insurrection, for the repulse of the Royall family. That *Arisobulus* being promoted to the Pontificate, and receiv'd with the generall shouts, and acclamations of the people, this action was so distastfull and odious unto him, that hee could not conceale the madnesse of his envy, under the mask of his ordinary hypocrisie, that since that time he never gave over to persecute the deceased Prince and his mother, in such a manner, that they finding no place of rest among the living, hid themselves in the Coffins among the dead, so to be conveí'd to Sea, and thence to saile for *Egypt*, that hee caused them to bee apprehended in the fact, and that from thence forward, he studied nothing more then how to rid them out of his way

way, that the young Prince died in the waters not solitary, & abandoned to himselfe, but killed manifestly by some insolent Pages of the Court, and bolome of *Herod*.

All this proceſſe, or bill of information (say they) was so evident, and cleare, as if it were written with the Sun-beam. The voice of blood reacht up into heaven, that the Traytor could not still the cry. They shew'd the picture of this poore Prince, which was a little before his death brought into *Egypt* for the singular admiration of his beauty, they made his Ghost also to speak, & to demand justice of *M. Anthony*, for being so inhumanely assassinned in the flowre and spring of his yeares, by the blackest treason that ever had been devis'd. The regrets and sorrows of

the

the poor mother amongst all these were not pretermitted in her absence. *Cleopatra* did act on the Tragedy, the onset was hot, the battery very fierce, and violent: *Herod* who never wanted an eloquent, and smooth tongue in his own behalfe, makes his Apology with a most demure, and sober modest countenance.

Illustrious Prince,

AND you my Noble Lords that assist at this Councell, I doe not hold the Scepter of *Iudea* from *Hyrcanus*, nor yet from *Alexandra*, I never had the intention to flatter them to this effect, and have lesse reason yet to stand in awe of them: You know (most noble *Anthony*) that the Kingdome that is now in my hands I hold from you; by you have I advanced

advanced my greatnesse, and in you are terminated all my hopes. If you command, I am ready at this houre, not to lay downe my Scepter only, but also my life, which I was never desirous to preserve but for your service. But it troubles mee that the way of death, being wide and open to all the world, that of reputation (which to mee is dearer then my life) is blockt up against mine innocence. I am persecuted by women, and I doe greatly wonder that the soule of *Cleopatra* all divine could ingender so much choller, and rancor against a King, who never fail'd in his respects justly due to her worth and honor. For *Alexandra* I doe not at all marvell if she rais'd this tempest against me, her fierce, and high spirit hath still tempted my patience,

labouring by all ſiniſter waies to avile, and diſparage my government, and to take away perforce a crown, with a more puiſſant hand then thoſe of her fore-fathers hath ſet upon my head. What reaſon could ſhe pretend? Since by the favour of the *Romans*, I doe peaceably ſtand in a Kingdome, which was caſt upon me with the conſent even of my adverſaries. I never ſought for it (my ambition was ſo regular & modeſt) if I had, I had been guilty of a crime ſo horrible, that could not come within the thoughts of a mankind-wolfe. There is no man would play the villaine meerly for pleaſure; the Idea of vengeance, which is repreſented to the fancie, carries (as it were) a torch before the offence for to reveale it to the world. To what purpoſe had it been to at-

tempt

tempt the life of *Aristobulus*? Was it to establish my estate? That was secure enough already: Your favour (most noble PRINCE) hath conferr'd on me more then all casualities whatsoever shall be able to conquer, or ravish from me. But I have ever put back the royall house from all promotions. How put it back? What in calling the disjoynted and scattered kindred within my bosome, as much as lay in my power? Every man knowes, how that *Hyrcanus* chiefe of the royall family, being detained prisoner among the *Parthians*, I stretcht my nerves, bent my veines, and engaged all my credit to set him at liberty, and make him returne to Court where he lives now in contented peace, partaking of all the rights, and priviledges of Majestie, without molesting his

head with any care of Civil affairs. 'Tis well knowne I have shar'd with him my Crowne, and my bed with his daughter *Mariamne*, making her Queene of Nations, and the spouse of a King. I gave the Pontificate to her brother *Aristobulus* of meere free-will, being no way constrained thereunto, as being absolute in the managing of my estate; and if I have adjourn'd it for a time, it was because the age of the child did not tread equall paces with my desires, for in effect they have seene him Pontiffe at eighteene yeares of age, which was no ordinary favour. *Alexandra* his Mother which caused all this stirre and turmoile, ever had full liberty in my Court, except the Licence to undoe her selfe, which she so oft, and eagerly desir'd. For what rea-

ſon had ſhe to thruſt her ſelfe into a Coffin, and be carried by night as a dead body, to ſteale away out of my Court, and after ſhe had revil'd me in my houſe, now to goe and diſparage me abroad among ſtrangers? If ſhee had a deſire to make a journey to Egypt, had ſhe ſpoke the word, it would have ſufficed, but ſhe pleas'd to ſurmiſe falſe dangers in true ſafety, and to put thoſe into hazard of their lives, that made her to live in all ſecurity. When I had diſcover'd this impoſture I have not let out one harſh diſtaſtfull word againſt her, making her to enjoy with eaſe the ſpectacle of my patience, and judging that every fooliſh offender is ſufficiently puniſhed by his owne conſcience. A ſhort time after followed the lamentable death of the young PRINCE,

which drew from me bitter teares of compassion, for I lov'd him dearly, and I am sorry his Mother alter'd the sweetnesse of his good nature, and caus'd so much trouble to his younger yeares. He died not with me, but at his Mothers house, and by an accident which no man could prevent; died sporting in the water, an element that we cannot trust unto, where thousands have perished, without any treachery; died with some pages of the Court, with whom he did usually take his pastime. 'Twas his owne motion that brought him to the water: The alacrity of his youth made him play with danger it selfe, which none could dissuade him from, and his dismall fate drowned him. It were too hard, and unreasonable a taske impos'd upon me, if I would

would have me be accountable for the youthfulnesse of her son, as though I had been his Governour, or for the infidelity and inconstancy of the elements, as if I were Lord over them.

This pernicious head delivered this speech with such grace, and plausibility that he took off the edge of their speeche. Such power hath Rhetorick even in the tongue of a miscreant! Loe he is past all danger, being as yet but got aboord (as they say,) walking in the Court of *Anthony* with all freedome, expecting his sentence of justification. In the meane while (as he was courteous & liberal on occasions) by vertue of his donatives hee won the hearts of the chiefest men in the Court, and made all the accusations to be but the pettishnesse, and spleene of a woman mis-

informed *M. Anthony* himselfe told *Cleopatra* that she did ill to intermeddle so much in forreigne Kingdomes, and if that he should offend by her incitement shee might stirre up enemies to the hazard of his estate; that *Herod* was a King, and it was not fit to use him as a subject; nay it was his happinesse to have him rather for his friend then his foe. While matters were a canvasing in *Anthony's* Court, the Mother and sister of *Herod* fail'd not to observe with all diligent circumspection the actions of the Queene *Mariamne* and of her Mother *Alexandra*. His Vncle *Joseph* was il Keeper of the Prison, and did often visit *Mariamne*, sometimes for businesse, and sometimes for complement. This man began to be fledged like a butterfly with beames shot from

the eyes of this incomparable beauty, and did beare a great deal of affection towards her, and though hee saw himselfe farre enough from all manner of pretensions, yet notwithstanding he took a delight, that hee had plac'd his love on so high an object. This passion turn'd his braines, and made him foolish and talkative, being already clowne enough by ill education, which made him talke wonderfull ridiculous, and foolish. For one day when there was a speech made of the affection that *Herod* beare to his wife *Marianne*, *Alexandra* her Mother jeer'd at it very ironically, according to her fashion, *Iosephe* who would have the Queene still to entertaine a good liking of her husband his Master, whether hee was mad or drunke spake with a loud voice:

Ma-

Madam, let your Mother *Alexandra* speak her pleasure, but to shew you an evident testimony of the love the King your husband beares you, he gave mee a charge, in case he were put to death himself, to kill you also, for that he could not be without your company in the other world.

At this speech the poor Ladies grew pale and wan with feare. Alas the Tyrant (quoth *Alexandra* in her heart) what will hee doe being alive, since that in his death he causeth those to die that survive him. In the mean while there went a rumour very briefe in *Jerusalem* (the dreames of credulous men) that *Herod* was dead, that *M. Anthony* had sent him to execution, being convicted of the death of *Aristobulus*. Whether this bruited was divulged abroad by some of

Herod's enemies, or whether himselfe made it be spread secretly, for to prove the countenance and inclinations of men. Wise *Mariamne* seem'd to give it no credit. *Alexandra* grew impatient and shrudded like a bird on the perch, beseeching *Ioseph* with all supplications possible to take them out of the pallace, and to lead them to the Court of Guard of the *Roman* legions, committing them into the protection of *Colonel Iulius*, that they might thence passe with safe conduct to *M. Anthony*; for shee greatly desir'd that this Prince might see her daughter, perswading her selfe that as soone as hee should have a view of her, hee should be captivated with her eies, and would shew all possible favour. These intentions being haughty, had no good successe at

all,

all, and all the pursuits of *Alexandra* serv'd for nothing but to vent her passion: in *Herod* at length returnes victoriously with authentique testimonies of his justification, notwithstanding all the endeavours of *Cleopatra*: God reserving this Paracide for a *Cain's* life which concluded with a wretched, and fearefull death. His mother and sister fail'd not to present him forthwith at his arrivall with a modell of their mystery, and to acquaint him with the intention that *Alexandra* had to put her selfe under the power of the *Romans*: *Salome*, who envy'd *Mariamne* beyond measure, dipping her serpentine tongue in the gall of calumnie, accused her of secret familiarity with *Sosphine*. Wherefore *Herod* who was extreamly jealous, thought instantly to cure it, and

taking *Mariamne* apart, askt her whence proceeded that amitie which shee had contracted with *Ioseph*. The most Chast Queen, whose patience was never vanquisht, shew'd by her eies, by the posture of her countenance, and speeches that shee was so stung with this black slander that her perfidious husband did easily perceive how farre she was from such thoughts; and (in truth) being asham'd of himselfe for proposing such Questions unto her, he crav'd pardon, shedding hot teares, and thanking her for proving so faithfull to his bed, and making a thousand protestations of immortal affection. The good Lady somewhat displeas'd to see so much hypocrisie, told him covertly, that indeed hee bare reall love to his wife who would needs have her com-

company in the other world. *Herod* presently apprehended at halfe a word what shee meant, and entred into such distemper and violent passiõ, that he seemed to be distracted, tearing his beard & hair, and crying *Ioseph* had betray'd him, and that now hee must needs say hee had too much intelligence with *Mariamne*, otherwise no man could be so simple and sottish as to reveale so important a secret. Hereupon he commands *Ioseph* to be kill'd outright for a sacrifice to his returne, not permitting him to come in his sight, not would he hearken to one word of excuse. It did want but a litle that he did not then fel down more sacrifices to his wide infatiate cruelty, and did not put *Mariamne* too to death; but the assured proofe of her innocence, and the impatient heate of his

his love suspended the blow, that hee might make his anger (like nimble lightning) fly further off, which hee discharged on *Alexandra*, whom hee did confine for a time, keeping her asunder from Queene *Mariamne* her daughter, taking it now for certaine that it was in her forge that all the machinations, & conspiracies for his ruine were fram'd and fill'd.

Not long after, *Herod* saw himselfe imbarkt in another businesse no lesse dangerous then the former. *M. Anthony* (who ever lent him his shoulder to support him) had a long time contended against the fortune of *Augustus Cæsar*, and was quite discomfited in the battell of *Actium*, ending his hopes and life with a sad Catastrophe. This accident astonisht the Tyrant more then can be imagined, seeing

seeing the prop whereon he lean'd, ruin'd: His affaires which hee thought were now well knit, ript againe in a night, and had him for an adversary who was so forward in his designe for the Empire of the whole world. His friends and foes deem'd him one of the forlorne hope: He that escap't so many shipwracks doth not a whit despaire in this extremity, he takes a resolution to goe, and find *Cæsar* who was then at *Rhodes*, and to cast himselfe at his feet: but before he sets out on's journey, hee commits one most barbarous and inhumane act: *Hyrcanus* the right and lawfull King, who by his gentlenesse and facility of nature first rais'd *Antipater*, then sav'd *Herod's* life, promoting him to the Kingdome to the prejudice of his owne blood, was yet surviving in

a decrepit age laden with yeares & cares: for he was past foureſcore yeares. The Tyrant fearing that he alone being left of the Royall blood, ſhould bee reſtored to the throne by the requeſts of the people, who did tender his innocence, ſeeing him now at the brinck of the grave flings him in, expelling (by brutiſh violence) that ſoule which he was ready to ſurrender up to nature. This was judg'd meer ſavage cruelty without any colour of juſtice, wherewith this abominable monſter ever us'd to palliat his actions: others write the death of *Hyrcanus* to have beene haſtned by this occaſion.

Alexandra (who could not ſhake off her ambitiō but with her skin) ſeeing that *Herod* went on a voyage, whence, peradventure, he was never to return, boords her father

Hyrcanus, and ſhews him that the time was come wherein God would make his venerable old age to flouriſh anew in Royall purple: The Tyrant is intangled in ſuch nets and labyrinths that hee ſhall never get himſelf out againe. Fortune knocks at *Hyrcanus* his dore to render him the Diadem which is due unto him by right of inheritance, and taken from him by tyranny. It remain'd that he would but help himſelfe as much as in him lay, and his good fortune would work out the reſt. *Hyrcanus* replies; daughter the time is come that I ſhould rather meditate on my grave then a Royall Throne. You know what eſteem I made of greatneſſe being yet in an age, and condition when I had all reaſon to entertaine them, yet I have renounc't them with a free-will, preferring

preferring my reſt before all the Diadems in the world. Now that I am in the Haven would you have me lanch again into the tempeſtuous Seas? Forbeare ſuch fond ſpeeches (good daughter) I have beheld but too much miſeries, talk to me of a Sepulchre, and not of a Scepter. *Alexandra* replies, that ſince he did not pretend to the life, nor the fortune of the living, yet notwithſtanding that he ought not to neglect his own blood, that he ſhould give way to equity, and he needed not to diſquiet himſelf, but onely to write a few lines to *Malchus* Lieutenant of *Arabia*, and hee would ſupply him with mony & ſufficient forces, as much as he had need of. Laſtly, he was bound in conſcience, and by the law of nature to preſerve his daughter and Grand-child from

the teeth of this Tigre. She did so ply his eares with these & the like reasons, that at length hee yeelded to her, and treats with *Malchus*, that he should levy for him anumber of horse. The Letters are delivered into the hands of one *Dositheus* (a Cosen of this Ioseph which *Herod* had caus'd lately to be slaine) for to be carried withall safety; but this perfidious slave betraying the blood of his allies, and the fortune of *Hyrcanus*, insteed of carrying faithfully the Letter to *Malchus*, delivers it into the hands of *Herod*, who bids him go and deliver the said Letter, and bring back the answer to him for to discover further the countenance, and intention of the *Arabian*. He fail'd not to promise *Hyrcanus* all assistance, inviting him with all kindnesse to come over speedily unto him. He-

Herod having discover'd the whole matter, calls for *Hyrcanus*, and asketh him if he had received any Letters from *Malchus*? Yea (quoth he) but they contained nothing but complements: the other demandes, if with these Letters he did not receive some presents? He confessed that *Malchus* (indeed) had made him a present of foure horses to draw his Coach. Hereupon without any further forme of proceeding, the Tyrant commands the reverend old man to be murther'd, dying with blood the hoary head of him who had been his Nurse, Protector, Father & all. Then after he had cag'd up *Alexandra*, and *Mariamne* in some place of strength under the guard of *Ioseph* his Treasurer, & *Soheme* the *Iturean*, he goes streight waies towards *Rhodes*, committing the

whole charge of his Realme to his brother *Pheroras*. The Hiſtory makes no mention of the laments of the Queene and her Mother upon the death of *Hyrcanus*: Tis credible that all was conceald from them a long time, being kept in cloſe priſon, having no communication with any body. *Alexandra* champt upon the bit with much impatience: *Mariamne* did beare out the tediouſneſſe of this captivity with noble conſtancy, & ſought by all meanes to addulce her Mothers diſcontents. All her comfort was in God, for what elſe could ſhe ſpeak of, or think on? My God (quoth ſhe) thou ſteepeſt all thy creatures for me in wormewood: If I have at any time lov'd them and ſucke any ſweet from the world, thou gaveſt me for one ounce of Hony a pound of Gall,

Ever since I lai'd the Diadem on my head, I have felt nothing but thornes, and soveraignty was to me but a gorgious and noble slavery. My God, when shall we behold that joyfull day to shine upon us, which wee doe each day wait for, that shall dry up our teares, and bursting the bonds of our captivity, shall send us into *Abrahams* bosome, and into the freedome of thine elect? These poore Ladies remained there in durance among horrid wals without seeing any thing but rocks, & wild solitude, which seemed to retain some compassion of their griefes: they knew not how the world went, much lesse how any of the affaires of the Court stood: Every time the keeper came to visit them, they expected no other tidings but the doome of death.

The Guard at the beginning shewed some severity in their looks, & were reserv'd in their speeches, & all seem'd full of horrour, feare, & sad silence. But there is no iron but molifies at last in the fire. *Soheme*, visiting them the former according to his commission, felt the rayes that issued from *Mariamnes* eyes so sharp, that they pierc't his heart with relenting compassion; judging it too harsh dealing, to detaine a Queene captive, who by the liberall endowments which heaven had enricht her person with, could captivate all hearts. Hee begins to carry a more benigne aspect towards her, and *Mariamne* seeing him one day in a good mood took occasion to speak to him with boldnesse, and to aske him some news from the other world.

Soheme

Sahemes (saith the Princesse) you see us now in a very woefull estate, and our personages, but a day will come (perhaps) when this tempest will be blown over: misfortunes doe not alwaies attend at the same haven, you know what I am, and that in shewing me favour you shall not oblige an impotent much lesse an ingratefull creature. only give us some hint of *Herods* purpose in detaining us here, and in what case the affaires are now abroad. *Sahemes* at these words felt his heart sorely shaken with a most fierce assault: on th'one side was represented to his thoughts the revenge of *Herod*, which he observed lately in the example of *Ioseph*, on the other side hee was so touched with commiseration at this noble Princesse, that his frozen heart began now to melt and

to

to break forth at his eyes. *Mariamne* seeing him perplext, and at a stand: Speak boldly *Soheme*, this shall no way prejudice thee being lockt up in deep secrecy, & it may doe us much service, for the safty of our estate. *Soheme* imagining that either *Herod* would never return in the quality of a King, or that being in the protection of *Mariamne*, hee might easily purchase his pardon, unfolds his heart and tells her.

Madam I commit my secrets, & life into your power; also I desire to dye the death before that ever I should come to execute the barbarous command that *Herod* gave me, in case the affaires where of hee now treats with *Cæsar*, should not succeed according to his expectation. And what was it (quoth Madam) Madam I trem-

ble

ble only to think on it. 'Tis a matter that concernes your life. My friend (replied *Mariamne*) this is his ordinary ſtile: ſo ran the mandate to his uncle *Ioſeph* in his firſt voyage. But are there no meanes to get out hence? *Soheme* makes anſwer, that *Pheroras Herod's* brother had charge of the Realme, & that (as extreamly jealous & miſtrusting) he has a heedfull eye, leſt by ſome new device you contrive your eſcape. Well, dye then wee muſt (quoth the Princeſſe:) to what ſide ſhall I turne my ſelfe: I ſee nothing but angers and the Image of death, with which I begin now to be familiarly acquainted. *Soheme* comforted her as much as lay in his power; but the ſtopping her eares thence forward to all charmes of worldly comfort dilated her heart to receive

ſome

some from heaven; purifying her vexed soule day by day in a Bath of teares, & the smarting fornace of her afflictions. O the providence of the Almighty! 'Tis very true what the Scripture saith, *Thy paths are in the deep, and thy tracks on the waters*, who can discover such dark footsteps! When this most chast, and innocent Queen in a obscure prison swimmes every day for a good part of her life in her own teares.

Herod being imbarkt (as yet all bloody with the massacre committed on the person of *Hyrcanus*) findes the Seas and Windes, men and opportunity all propitious to his affaires. This *Protew* whose wit was pliant for all adventures, seeing that he could not dissemble the services hee had done to *M. Anthony*, still prostrating himself,

like

like a fawning Curre at the feet of his fortune, intends to put a faire glosse upon them, and cover them with the mantle of vertue. Hee knew that *Augustus* was a Prince well born, generous and juſt, and that hee would employ faithfull ſervants in this new motion of buſineſſes which he had thē in hand; hee diſguiſeth himſelfe under the ſhadow of vertue, and cheats under the colour of conſtancy, and pretext of fidelity. Loe now he preſents himſelf to the Emperour & beſpeaks his Highneſſe in theſe tearmes.

Great Emperour,

BEhold my Perſon and my Crown at your Highneſſe feet; tis reaſon good that all ſhould riſe by your greatneſſe, ſince that God would commit the Empire of the univerſe to your hands. As for me

I cannot feigne, and bely what I have been, no more would I dissemble what I ought and should be. I haue hitherto ('tis true) stood for my noble friend *M. Anthony*, and if he had given eare to mee as he did to *Cleopatra* his Mistris, you should have found (*Cæsar*) how much I was your enimy, and his friend; but this unhappy Prince being gull'd and besotted by that creature took money from me, & advise from her to ruinate (by so doing, his own fortune, & to build yours upon their ruines: I have followed him even to the margent of the grave but did not enter in, in regard my death could no way advantage him, he is in that conditiõ that I cã do nothing but send him the tribute of my teares; To you (great *Cæsar*) are due the services which I do tẽder with a free

& ready heart, if you bee pleas'd to accept of them on the conditiõ not to conſtrain mee to think or ſpeak any thing injuriouſly to the memory of my ancient Maſter, whom being not able to ſerve, I ought nevertheleſſe to reſpect, and love after death.

Auguſtus liked well of this bold language, and deem'd that this man was of good proofe & mettle to make a good ſervant of, not ſeeing the ſubtlety of the Fox, meaſuring all for his own intereſt. He takes the Crown and places it on the head of *Herod*, ſaying, I would you ſhould live peaceably in your dominions, and be but as loyall to me as you have bin to *M. Anthony*.

Herod after this ſo lucky an acceſſe, ceaſt not to ſet himſelfe forward to the good liking of *Auguſtus*, ſeeking all occaſions ſo to do,

but

but most of all in that voyage of the Emperour made to *Egypt*, where he did continually give assistance and serve in many good offices. This businesse so happily sped, hee returnes in triumph to *Hierusalem* with the astonishment of all the world. This was it that the vertuous Queen *Mariamne* did protract a life for ever to bee a sacrifice for the solemnity of her bloody husbands triumphs.

Let us now see how this Lamp was extinguisht, we cannot expect any ill sent, the faire qualities of her life did accompany her to her death. Assoon as *Herod* was entred within the chief City, he goes to salute the Queen his wife whom he had cauled to be set at liberty, being his affaires were in safety, & brings her the first tidings of the happy successe of his voyage, hee and was

was so swolne with the conceit of his good fortunes, that hee could hardly contain himselfe within his skin, and the loue of so amiable an object as was then present after so many dangers exhausted, did let his tongue loose to much boasting & vain superfluous speeches, thinking that by his discourse he did much improve his honour and reputation. *Mariamne* pin'd away upon her leggs with fretfulnesse to heare his vanities, and as she was free and genuine in all her carriage, shee shewed how litle pleasure she took in his Rhodomantades, which his joy did heighthen to a degree of folly. He imagining this at first to bee but a fit of Melancholy which would soon vanish into smoak, did chear her up the more with words, shewing more Court-ship then

usuall. Among these caresses, the poore Lady breathes out a sigh or two, calling to minde the secret command lately given to *Sabeme*. He well perceived by her countenance that she was somewhat discontented, and entred into a suspition that *Sabeme* also had the flux in the tongue as well as *Joseph*. He knew not then how to compose his countenance, so much was hee moved within himselfe. Love, choler, and jealousie did incessantly hurry, and disquiet him: hee could not be angry as he would, & could not choose but love whom he had still impotently lov'd. This haughty spirit that could never stoop to any, but to deceive, was asham'd to see himselfe thus disarm'd, and become as it were a Zanie in amorous dalliances not ordinary to his nature, then seeing

that these subtilties did not succeed, hee torments himselfe the more, and thinks now to flourish with the sword, but love was so predominant over wrath, & withheld the stroak. Hereupon he retires, shaking his head, and muttering I know not what between his teeth, as cursing that love which made him mercifull in despight of his inclination. But alas there is no hatred to that of womē against their own kinde, when a jealousie once seiseth on their braines! *Cypre* an *Arabian* by nation, the mother of *Herod*, & *Salome* his sister, seeing him so passionate fayled not to blow the coales with their tongues, and to kindle them with impudent slanders which the Tyrant gave credit to in part, but yet could not resolve to strike the stroak. It was a long time in agi-

ration ere any thing could be concluded upon; at last there ariues an unhappy day, when at noone-tide having withdrawn himselfe to his privy chamber he sends for *Mariamne*, who presently comes upon the message: But *Herod* being minded to a game in bed, shee would not consent thereto, telling him the law of nature forbad her to lye with a man that had murther'd her Father and her Brother, meaning *Alexander*, who by the persuit of *Herod* had been overthrown by the *Romans*, and her brother *Aristobulus* so cruelly stifled in the waters. Here *Iosephus* the Historian, after hee hath so highly extol'd *Mariamne* as a chast Queen and truly endowed with an inviolable faith (for these be his words) taxes her with a little disdain which was (as hee saith)

grown up with her nature, in that shee did disrespect the caresses of her husband. But hee that would well ponder how *Herod* had entreated her neerest kindred, massacring them most indignly, & how that holding the Scepter from her house hee did not esteem of her as of a Queen, but as of a poore victime, which he caus'd to be shut up, commanding it to be beheaded whensoever he ran in jeopardie of his life, for feare that any other should enjoy her after his death: he shall finde that the Lady had sufficient reason to give him this answer. Nevertheless *Herod* that could not brook such freedome of speech, was so incens'd at these words that he went neere then to doe her a mischiefe, his eyes sparkling with anger, his voice rough, and his hands lift up to commit vi-

olence. As he walkt up & down in his chamber in a chafe, skirmishing thus with his choler, *Mariamne* standing by without any farther reply, treacherous *Salome* thought it now a convenient time to give vent to her malitious project; shee sends a servant that had pawn'd his faith and credit, and whom she a long time had been instructing for to make him depose a slander as wicked as ridiculous, which was, that *Mariamne* having an intention to gule her husband a philtre (or love potion) she addrest her selfe to him, who being then the Kings Taster and sought to work him to doe this feat with many rewards, and promises, which he would never give eare unto. Moreover hee was so staught his deposition, that if peradventure *Herod* demanded the ingredients

dients of the Philtre, hee should answer without farther hesitation that the Queen had the contriving of it, and that she required of him only but to administer it. This misserean enters the chamber in cold blood, and makes deposition most seriously: whereat *Herod*, who was all fire already, being more inflam'd then ever, thought with himselfe that he needed not wonder any more whence this impatience of love should proceed. Hee commands presently an Eunuch of the Queen, one of the most trustie of them to be attacht, thinking that nothing past without his knowledge, hee puts him to the rack, insomuch that his body being already weak enough, not able to beare out the violence of the tortures, and on the other side having nothing to speak against his

good Mistris, in whose conversation he never knew any thing but what was honourable and honest; hee was kept a great while in this miserable plight, at length hee lets fly a word, saying that hee had seen *Soheme* talking a long time in private with the Queen, as though hee made some discovery and that since that time hee well perceived that she was much dejected. *Herod* had no sooner heard this speech, but 'tis enough, saith he, take him off and call *Soheme*.

Soheme knew nothing of this that passed, he liv'd in great content, having lately attain'd to some good place of command by the Queens recommendation. He was quite astonisht when he saw them lay hands on him and compell him to confesse the discourse hee had with *Mariamne* when she

was in prison; he utterly denying the matter is forthwith slain. This day *Herod* retires into his Cabinet, drinking by full draughts the gall and venome of his fatall anger, meditating in his heart on the fury which hee should make to burst out shortly in publique: for without allowing any truce to his labouring brain, he assembles his Privie Councell, and sends for his Queen, who expected nothing lesse then such arraignment. This monster that studied alwaies to set a colour of justice on his most unreasonable actions, beginnes a long Oration which he had indited at his leasure, and as everyman stood like a Ghost struck with feare and silence, expecting the issue of this Tragedy (onely bold *Mariamne*, stood arm'd with an undanted constancy for all events)

he

he speaks to them in these termes.

It seems God would counterballance my prosperous affaires abroad with the unhappinesse of domestick evills. I have found safety among the winds and tempests in irksome voyages I have undertaken, and in many perilous atchievements that I have brought about, to finde in my return a tempest in mine own Court. You are not ignorant how that I have sostered all the house of Lancaster in my bosome in those deplored times, when it was at a low ebb, & neer confusion, in recompence whereof as if I had sit upon the egs of a Serpent, so I have found but hissing and stinging. God knowes how oft I have dissembled injuries, and how oft I have cur'd them with patience, but yet I cannot bring my heart to so obdurat and

brawnie

brawnie a temper, but it is ever & anon stirr'd up and scarified with some new sores. Behold there my wife, who following his Mothers steps, is ever bent to trouble my repose. As soon as I was return'd from my late dangerous voyage, as you know, I brought her tiding of the happy successe to my affaires, shee shewing how little esteem she made of my estate and person, did heare mee with such a coy and disdainfull carriage, that notwithstanding all the Court-ship I made to her, I could not draw from her pride one good word, nay shee was not content with this, shee proceeds to open mischiefes, and bloudy machinations, which I had rather (in honour of your eares) passe over in silence, & come to effects. Behold there one of my faithfull servants,

that

that doth testifie how that she had subborn'd him to give me a Philtre, that is, poyson for to giddie my braines, and take away my life, which God doth still preserve to make a recognizance of all the good offices which all in generall and you in particular have done me: So you see that I am arrived home with my temples girt with Laurells, honoured and favour'd by the most renowned men of the world, to bee the shittle-cock of a womans malice, and the But of her treachery. I could not win her by ardency of love, or any good turnes, no more then if shee had been a Lioness. Consult among you what you ought to doe, I deliver her to the power of your justice, being not (in this case) to follow mine own judgement, that posterity may know that mine

own interests come alwaies below the truth, to which I have taught them ever to stoop and bend the knee.

Herod in speaking these words would seem to be very calme conjuring down his passion, and curbing his nature which was pliable enough; but yet his choler so wrought and fum'd up, that the Councell soon discover'd his malady; & that he had a full purpose to exterminate the Queen. They summon her to answer upon the suddain without any Advocate. This glorious *Amazon*, a young Impe of the *Maccabees*, and heire of their heroick patience, being presented before this crue & conventicle of malignant spirits, 28 yeares before the comming of our Saviour in the flesh, did then what may inflame posterity most il-

illustriously by her example. No man ever observ'd an impatient word to fally out of her mouth, she used not any word of recrimination, or charged back any with their own crimes, and being able to lay before the Councell the many outrages she had suffered in her own person, and in her kindred, she swallowed all wrongs with more then humane patience, only touching the main Article of her accusation, she said that for the draught or potion that was objected to her, 'twas a thing in the judgement of all that would consider it well, farthest off any thing from her thoughts, seeing that she had alwaies dreaded the love of *Herod* more then his hate: moreover that she made not any account of her life wherein she had endur'd but too many afflictions, much

lesse

lesse of the Court where she never drew any ayre of delight, and that if they would oppresse her innocence by false witnesse, it was most easie to overcome her, no subject more obvious and probable. It was most easie to take the Diadem off her head and her head off her shoulders, but it would bee no easie taske to take from her the reputation of a Lady of Honour which she held in Capite from her ancestors, & which she would carry along with her to the dust.

The poore soule was as a silly Lamb in the jawes of a Lion, and in the fangs of many Wolues: They proceed to judgement and all proceed according to Herods propension. They knew it was his will to rid her out of his way, that was sufficient. There was not one

found

found that had the boldneſſe to ſtand up in the defence of the innocent Queen, or to aſſwage the paſſion of *Herod* in any manner. Each mans conſcience was clog'd either with crimes, or timorouſneſſe; whence it hapned that theſe impious judges did more in favour of the Tyrant then he would have done, for they all concluded to adjudge her to death: hee was ſtruck with ſome horrour at the firſt, as bloudy a man as he was, & commanded that ſhee ſhould bee committed to ſafe cuſtody within the Court, ſuſpending the execution, thinking perhaps thereby to make her the more tractable to his humour. But enraged *Salome* that had ſtirr'd up this tempeſt not willing to leave a thing halfe done drawes neere to the King her brother, & makes remonſtrance, that

such

ſuch birds were not to be kept in cages that this was a buſineſſe which concern'd his Crowne and Life, and that all now tended to a revolt, if he delai'd this execution he would haſten his owne ruine and the eſtates both: whereupon *Herod* let ſlip this ſpeech, *Why let her be taken away*; and immediately a Tribune was diſpatcht to the good Queene, who brings her news of her laſt houres approach, ſaluting her with all reverence, *Madam* the King calls for you, and you are preſently to die: ſhe nothing moved with the meſſage replies, let us goe (friend) outright, *Herod* cannot be ſo ſpeedy but he ſeemes ſlow to me: and when ſhe had thus ſaid ſhee advances forward, and marches ſtreight to the place of execution, without changing her colour, with a cleer coun-

tenance which drew tears from all ſpectatours to crowne her patience. As ſhe was ready to receive the fatall ſtoake, *Alexandra* her Mother, her companion in Priſon, the Cabinet of her thoughts, that both ſeem'd to have but one heart in two breaſts betraying her blood, nature, and all pietie for ſome miſchievous reaſon of ſtate that ſhe might not be ſuſpected of *Herod* as though ſhe had conſented to her daughters perverſneſſe, comes there to taxe her with horrible iniuries, and ſhee went neere to dragge the poore Princeſſe by the haire of the head, and to hale her along the pavement, telling her in extreme rage, that ſhe was an untoward peeviſh dame, and that ſhee did well deſerve death for that ſhe would not agree with ſo good a husband for

the

the supporting of their common fortunes. See here the greatest indignity that can be conceived! In such an accident there is no better hony, nor a worser sting then that of bees, and no better amity, nor worser enmity then that of kindred. Patient *Mariamne* did not speake a word, not so much as, Good Mother permit my soule to depart in peace which is now upon my lips ready to take her flight, and trouble not my last and eternall rest; but with a generous silence sealing her mouth to all replies, and opening her heart towards God the only witnesse of her innocence, being thus indignly handled, shee profers her neck to the headsman for to seale with her blood the last testimonies of her patience. *Iosephus* speakes not so expressely of the manner of her

death as being a matter without controverſie that ſhee was executed according to the the ordinary manner of thoſe times, which was to behead all delinquents of ſuch ranke. This faire breaking of the day which as yet carried comfort and healing in his wings to the poore afflicted ſoules that were in this horrible confuſion of Tyranny, was then obſcur'd and quite put out with her blood: the eyes of all the throng that did aſſiſt at this ruefull tragedie being bath'd in teares did behold her in her red lips. When they ſaw this countenance (arm'd with royall Majeſty) ſo couragiouſly to affront death which makes the boldeſt heart to tremble, and her alabaſter neck ſtretcht out and ſtoop't to the glittering axe to be ſever'd from her faire body, a

cold

cold horror ran through the ſhivering joynts, and bones of all the croud, and there was no rock ſo hard but would have ſweated watry drops of teares to ranſome her blood from being ſpilt. Her head was ſever'd from her body, and her body from her ſoule, but this will never be ſeparated from her God, who rears to her memory an eternall trophie of patience. Her trunck lay cold, and extended upon the place, and the voice of innocent blood, which now mounted up to pierce the Clouds, & demand revenge from the protector of innocence, was incontinently heard to good purpoſe, as you ſhall e're long underſtand.

This faithleſſe husband that had ſo barbarouſly handled a Princeſſe ſo worthy of all reſpect, was ſoone as ſhe had yeelded up

the ghost as if he had been struck with an invisible dart, cryed out of griefe, and sai'd that he had given a blow that deserved God's anger & vengeance; then with fearfull howling he invokes incessantly the memory and name of the deceased Queene, to whom hee could not by his plaints restore what he had taken away by the executioners hatchet: whithersoever he went, he was stil accompanied with the Image of his crime, black furies revelling in his cõscience, & terrifying him with sights and fearfull apparitions: hee tried all manner of feasting, dancing, and delights to expell melancholy; but it encreas'd the more, in so much that he was constrained to abandon the helme of government, though hee had been active and indefatigable in this exercise:

he

he became at firſt a dotard, and all ſtupid, not knowing what hee did; for ſometime at dinner he ſpeakes to his attendants, and bids them call the Queene to him, as if ſhee had been ſtill alive, they hearkned unto him without returning a word, & all the Court was ſtruck with ſilence and amazement; at laſt he being not able to endure the pallace walles, as though they did upbraid his cruelty, hee goes and haunts the groves & uncouth places of retreate like a ſalvage, thereby contracting ſuch a ſtrange diſeaſe in his braines, and ſo violent a frenzy, that the Phyſitians ſaw no way to remedy it, telling him freely that it was a blow from heaven: God who did reſerve him for further calamities would not vouchſafe to take away his life at that preſent. That wicked Mo-

ther *Alexandra* that ſo outragiouſſly ſcolded at her daughter on the ſcaffold, went ſhortly after the way of all fleſh, taſting the bitterneſſe of death but looſing the glory of it. In the the reare of this, followed a peſtilence which ſwept away many of *Herod's* counſellors of ſtate; and all theſe were but the ſcourges of heaven to avenge this ſo lamentable death, but never enough lamented. *Mariamne* from her chaſt bed left *Herod* two ſonnes, *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* who were very young, capable to endure much more in after-times, but as then incapable to underſtand their preſent miſeries. *Herod* for to take away from them the reſentments of this horrid fact, and to raiſe them both together by good education to the glory of his Scepter, packs them

away

away in good time, and ſends them to *Rome* to be train'd up in *Auguſtus Caſar's* Court, held at that time the Academy of Kings, and the moſt renowned School of the world. After ſome years expir'd he tooke a deſire to make a journey into *Italy* for to ſalute *Caſar*, and by that meanes to ſee his ſonnes, whom hee found very well improv'd, and ingeniouſly brought up, and ſo compleat, that hee would faine with the good leave of *Auguſtus* bring thẽ along with him back to *Iudea*, and ſo he did: Theſe young Princes returning to *Ieruſalem* with *Herod*, did raviſh all the people with admiration; they were of a very comely proportion very nimble and active, and well exercis'd in feats of armes, well ſpoken, affable, and as much worthy of love as their

Father

Father of hatred. Men beheld them as they doe the two ſtarres of *Caſtor* and *Pollux* after a tempeſt; they fill'd all with joy, and ſeem'd already to have wonne hearts enough to winne them crownes according to their merit, yet thoſe that call'd to mind the uſage of their Mother *Mariamne* could not containe their teares.

Pheroras, *Herod's* brother, and his ſiſter *Salome*, who had both of them a hand in the murther of the innocent Queene, entred into ſuch apprehenſions that cannot be expreſt, ſeeing that the blood which they had ſpilt was one day to rule over them: They began thenceforth tartly to traduce them, and convey (by ſome creatures ſubborn'd thereto) many reports to *Herod's* eares, which were in effect to inform me, how that the Princes

his

his ſonnes (in regard of what had hapned touching their mother) were very averſe frõ their Father, & would never be induced to affect him againe. *Herod* who was yet warm with the heat of his affection towards thẽ, gave no credit to the ſlander, for ſeeing them now upon the march towards ripes yeares, he bethought him how to match thẽ honourably, ſueing for his ſon *Alexander* the daughter of *Archilaus* King of *Capadocia* named *Glaphira*, which was granted him, & for *Ariſtobulus*, he was betrothd to the daughter of *Salome*, his coſin *Germane*; thus cementing the breaches & enmities of his houſe. *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* did converſe together very freely, and ſpoke all that lay upõ their hearts, talking of the death of their mother, in ſuch a manner, that they

ſhewed

ſhewed that they were ſenſible of it: *Pheroras*, and *Salome* very cloſe and malignant ſpies, did not ceaſe to toll them into dangerous ſpeeches, and all that they had ſpoken (either through vanity, or ſome fit of anger, or through preſumption of ſecrecy) was preſently reported to *Herod's* eares. Crafty *Salome* yet bearing ſway over her new married daughter, who was a ſimple harmleſſe creature, did ſhrift her punctually, to know of her what her husband did uſe to talke of in the privacy of their mutuall embraces. Shee forthwith related all the ſpeeches, which theſe poor Princes had ſpoken in ſimplicity or merriment, namely, that *Ariſtobulus* brag'd, that the Empire appertain'd to the iſſue of *Marianne* as the linage of a true Queen: as for the ſonnes of *Herod*, they were

were ſow'd abroad, and diſperſed in good number (for hee had ſome nine or ten wives) ſo that he made moſt of them advocates in petty Townes, and it went well with them if they had learn'd to read and write; ſhee added moreover, that *Alexander* ſpake in a *bravado*, that he was ſomewhat of another mold then his Father, yet notwithſtanding when hee convers'd with him, ſeeing him of a jealous humour he kept himſelfe within his ſcabbard, not daring freely to expreſſe himſelfe, for fear of caſting ſhadowes of his ability; that going to hunt, and walke with *Herod*, he us'd to contract and wind in his body, that he might not ſeem bigger then his father: If he went to draw a bowe, hee did it very bungler-like, of purpoſe to free himſelfe from all envy. This was a

maine

maine peece of wisdome to doe so, but the trick of a very novice to talk so much, though words as innocently spoken, as sinisterly and captiously interpreted; and above all a very simple errour, to commit their secrets to a woman, whose breast (for the most part) is as fit to guard any thing intrusted to its custody, as a sive to carry water. When *Pherorus*, and *Salome* had diligently plyed the ears of *Herod* with these petty informations, seeing some suspition to plant, & take rooting in his mind, and that the fathers affection towards his sonnes did waxe cold, they strike in opportunely, and advise him seriously to take heed of his sons, that they were in labour with some great exploit, and spake loudly, That all those that had any hand in the shedding their mothers

blood

blood, ſhould not beare the puniſhment off in the other world: For indeed as they were harping on that harſh ſtring, ſuch like ſpeeches did eſcape from them. *Herod* was exceedingly aſtoniſht at this freedome, as thinking it neceſſary to repreſſe their boldneſſe with ſome counterpriſe. What doth he to take downe the ſpirits of theſe Princes? Hee goes, and takes him one of his other ſonnes call'd *Antipater*, (begot upon one *Dorida* woman of meane ranck, and who was afterward ſhamefully baniſht the Court) he hoiſts him in a moment to the top of the wheele, not that hee purpos'd to leave him there, but hee would have him ſerve as a Check-mate for the ſons of *Mariamne*, judging him a fit inſtrument for that end: For indeed this *Antipater* was a darke, ſullen

ſullen, and malicious ſpirit, who held much after the Father. When he ſaw himſelfe on an inſtant ſo highly mounted, he reſolv'd not to deſcend, but with the loſſe of his skin, & to ſhare of the Realm as well as the reſt, by ſome device or other. Well, to that end he fits the Scene, and conforms himſelfe to all faſhions for to get into credit with *Herod*, (who from that time began to like him very well) and he fail'd not under hand to put on foot afreſh thoſe accuſations, to get ſurer footing in this new preferment, that had been commenced againſt the ſonnes of *Mariamne*. And when hee had flung the ſtone, he drew in his arm ſo neatly, that hee ſeem'd not to have any way ſtirr'd in it; for he did alwaies bear a moſt reſpectful carriage towards *Alexander*, and

Ari-

Aristobulus, as towards his Masters, especially when hee caus'd those false reports to be instill'd afresh into his Fathers eares, by some creatures well taught and rewarded. He fain'd also, with a borrowed modesty to take their cause in hand, but hee excused them so slily to his own advantage, that he brought them within greater suspicion then before. King *Herod* for to bring him into some esteem and authority, thought it were not amisse to send him to *Rome* for a time, which he did, giving him a flourishing attendance, and an infinite deale of recommendations. Here hee sate a brooding more ingenious mischiefs, & from hence pursued his plots more closely, & with more art. In a letter to his father, hee wrote that he had discovered at *Rome* strange plots, that

he should beware of his brethren, *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*; for they had every where ingrossed the hearts of the people, and that their designe was no other, then to shorten his daies, & to dispossesse him of his kingdome. This had the more colour, for that the yong Princes being not a litle moved with their late rejection or degradation could not dissemble their discontents, and did dayly cast about some words, which were gather'd up by the spies of *Pherorus*, and *Salome*, that no sillable fell to the earth. It griev'd *Herod* to see that having compos'd all in peace abroad, the fire had caught hold on his own house: and thenceforward he had a minde to seize upon his sonnes, but hee would not make any attempt upon their persons without *Cæsars* command, to

whom he referr'd all, both for the expression of his obeisance, and for the safety of his estate. After he had meditated on the matter with himselfe very carefully and seriously, (for it did much grieve his heart whence all his Counsels did spring, & had their first rise,) he resolv'd to bring his sonnes to *Rome*, & there to accuse them before *Cæsar*. All along the way fro *Palestine* to *Italy*, did hee carry his thoughts so close, that his lookes did never betray them, nor did he shew any symptoms of distast towards his Sonnes, lest hee should cast some shadowes of suspition. Being arriv'd at *Rome*, hee understands that *Cæsar* was then in *Aquileia*, whither hee posts without delay, bringing his two sons along, who were by the Emperor (who was as a father to them) re-

ry courteously received with all demonstrations of affection. In the interim this wretched father, espying his opportunity begges from *Cæsar* a day of audience, in a businesse (as hee said) of great consequence, which he granted him, & he came upon the very instant agreed upon, bringing with him the two delinquents, who intended nothing as then, but to laugh, & passe the time with their old acquaintance. When they were in the midst of a glorious assembly (which were of purpose there met) *Herod* fetching a deep sigh, addresseth his speech to the Emperour.

You now behold (*Great Cæsar*) a King happy enough by your Grace, and favour, but a most unhappy Father in the disgraces, & ill fortunes of my house: if nature,

had deni'd me issue, fortune would haue sav'd me much misery, and trouble. It doth much grieue mee to soile your eares (renowned Cæsar) with the recitall of such ungraciousnesse, but necessity which hath no law compels me, & your justice which protects all Lawes, invited me to it. Loe here my two Sonnes (unnaturall Sons) who had the honour to bee brought up at your feet, after that they had receiv'd from mee all favour, that might be expected from a king by your goodnesse potent enough, & from a father by his own nature most indulgent, betraying the glory of their education received at your hands, and forgetting their blood and nature receiv'd from me, they have attempted a crime which I am afraid to utter. I endured much for them, and their

welfare, and I enjoy a kingdome now a faire terme of yeares, which I have purchas'd with ſo much ſweat, and turmoile; I have opened the gate of honour for them to enter at after my deceaſe, when a naturall death ſhould cloſe up mine eyes; but they would needs enter in at the gate of paricide, laying ambuſh for my life, for to take away the ſpoile ſoakened in my bloud. I haue them here at your feet, not retaining in mine own wrongs any right of a King, or father, but what your juſtice will think fit to ordaine, and preſcribe: Yet (*Great Caſar*) I muſt beg of you this requeſt, that you would grant my old age, which you haue ſo much honoured, ſome reſt in mine own houſe, & to reſcue me from the hands of theſe Paricides. Alſo I doe not think it any way

expedient, that ſuch graceleſſe, & ungratefull Sons, that have trod under feet the Laws of God and men, ſhould any longer look the Sun in the face, which ſhould both witneſſe, and upbraid their folly.

The man ſpake this with wonderfull vehemency, ſo that he did amaze all the aſſembly; and the poor youths which had as much innocence, as ſimplicity, ſeeing themſelves thus battered, & overborne with a tempeſt of words, which they did never preſage, made their eyes to weep an Apologie, & they fall a crying in good earneſt: they ſtrove to recover their ſpeech, fearing that their ſilence would prove them guilty; but the more they labour'd to vent their thoughts, the more did their ſobs interrupt their courſe.

Auguſtus Ceſar, a judicious and

humane Prince, saw well by their demeanour, and countenance, that the young men were guilty of more misery, then mischiefe, and casting a gracious look upon them Courage my Youths, saith hee to them, stand firme, answer all by leasure, let nothing dismay, or trouble you. All the Court did now pitty them, and *Herod* too shew'd in his countenance, that he was a litle mov'd; so eloquent are our naturall strength and armes. *Alexander* seeing the eyes of all to to cast propitious, and favourable beames upon them, wakens his spirits, and breaking through a throng of sighs (as he was pretty well tongu'd) he spake as followeth: My Lord and Father, your Majestie hath not (I trust) brought us so far before the Altars of mercy, for to make us a sacrifice to

vengeance; we are at the knees of *Cæsar*, as in the temple of clemencie, whither being conducted by your consent, & command, I must needs say, that as your words were rough, and bitter, so are your proceedings most faire and gentle. If calumnie could have so altered your good nature, as to have wrought you to assaile our lives, to the disadvantage, and hazard of our innocence, this you might have done in *Palestine*, as a Father, and as a King, the doome and execution was in your own power: but God permitted it, that you have led us to the court of *Cæsar*; not to leave our heads here, which you have destinated to a Crowne, but to bring them backe victoriously triumphing over detraction. It is a strange thing, to invent so erroneous a crime against persons

of

of our quality & reputation, without alleaging why, or how. Here is no speech of any letters, poysons, complots, treacheries, Miniſters ſuborn'd to practiſe them; only we are proclaim'd Paricides, and the prooſes left behind, not any produc'd: if this ſufficeth, there will not be found ſuch exalted innocence in the world, which ſlander will not dare to faſten his teeth upon. Our enimies, who of a long time have been weaving this web, ſay nothing, but that we have age and courage enough to performe this, & that we would one day attempt to avenge our Mother *Marianaes* death. As for the firſt reaſon, who ſees not how weak it is? If there needs but age, & courage to commit a murther, this were to make the whole ſurface of the world a *Golgotha*, and to over-

to whelm

whelm it with a deluge of blood, to make all parents jealous, & mistruſtfull, and all children criminall. For the ſecond reaſon, which touched our deceaſed Mother, ſhe hath left us at thoſe yeares, that we cannot as yet bemoan, or apprehend well our miſeries. Since we have out-liv'd our childhood, we were never deſirous to prie into your cabinet counſells, to examine your juſtice. Her fault to doe ill ſhould not have made us the more bold, but the more heedfull, and ſtudious to doe well. We beſtowed our teares upon her only, not to bewaile her death, but to ſatisfie our ſorrowes, ſeeing that our enimies ceaſed not to diſquiet her urne, whose blood they ſpilt. Father, if our teares which did iſſue forth by the command of nature, beheld crimes at your barre,

where

where ſhall wee finde any ſafety, but in your juſtice? Never among theſe our complaints did there eſcape a hard, or irreverent ſpeech againſt your ſelfe, but indeed againſt thoſe, who abuſe your authority to the ruine of yours. We have no reaſon to hate your life, but to loue it, and by ſo much the more, in that you have judged us capable, & worthy to inherit your Crown, before all our brethren. You have given us all the enſignes of ſoueraignty, all the honour we can expect, ſo that to demande more were to beg a Licence to undoe our ſelves. Why ſhould wee ſeek a Kingdome by a murther, which is to fall to us with your conſent, and good liking, that ſo Heaven, Earth, and Seas conſpiring with *Caſar* might bar thoſe gates againſt us, to the which wee would

would have made a key tempred in the blood of our Father. Your Majestie (it may be) hath begot us more unfortunate, then now it were expedient for your estate, but we shall never be so fooliſhly impious, as to commit a villany that would eternally ruine us without recovery. Most honour'd Father, expell that fiend of ſuſpition which hath poſſeſt you; or if it pleaſe you to entertain it longer we will both part with our lives, whereof wee are not ſo tenderly enamour'd, that we would retain them, with the diſpleaſure of him that gave them.

This ſpeech attended with the teares of the young Princes did raviſh all the Auditors, and as they ſaw them both with dejected eies, expecting the ſentence of the judge, each man burn'd with a de-

fire

fire to stand up in their justification. *Cæsar* casts his eyes on *Herod*, who shewed himself to be much moved with pitty, & would have wisht hee had never thought on such an accusation, for indeed this accusation did put him much out of conceit, and credit with the assembly, and made him blame his credulity. *Augustus* not willing to shame him, pronounced that (in truth) the children were much to blame, that they had any way molested him, but as for the crime intended, hee ought to raze it out of his Register.

The young Princes were well bred, and brought up hitherto; it remained that they should live henceforward in good correspondence, and renew the sacred bond of nature; which could not bee broken by so good a father, nor

by

by the children, who did promise so much & so faire for the future. This being spoken, *Herod* embraces his Sonnes one after another with weeping eyes, which drew teares even from those that were no way interessed in it.

After many Leuvoyes, & complements, behold them now on their return, together with their father, and brother *Antipater*, who did act (though behinde the curtain) all this faire Tragœdy; nevertheless he did captivate them with his curtesies, rejoycing and congratulating their good successe, as if his heart had blaz'd in joyfull fires. So works the tyrannie of dissimulation in Courts untill that God one day take off the maske! Being return'd to *Jerusalem*, a yeare did scarce run about, before that malice lay'd new gines, to

the innocence of theſe poore Princes. *Pheroras* thought within himſelfe to poſſeſſe *Alexanders* head with jealouſie, telling him with much ſecrecy, that his father *Herod* did wantonly ſport and dally with *Glaphyra*, his wife, (daughter of King *Archelaus*) judging that this would be a powerfull way to make him revolt, and ſet him all in a rage againſt his father, and ſo to precipitate him to his ruine. Theſe words indeed did very ſenſibly touch this noble ſoule, that he began thenceforvvard to obſerve vvith a jealous eye, the actions of *Herod*, vvho in truth plai'd the minion all day with the young Princeſſe, vvho vvas endow'd vvith ſurpaſſing feature, but more he could not diſcover at all in his converſation, ſave the blandiſhments of a father in Law towards

a daughter, vvorthy to be cherisht for her many good parts. Yet notwithstanding *Alexander*, after hee had taken in this subtile intelligence of *Pheroras*, turned this homy into poyson, interpreting all to the worst, and was so transported therewith, that (rushing one day to his fathers chamber, he declared unto him the jealousie, and suspition that he had conceived, with many sighes, and teares of anger. *Herod* vvas much troubled vvith this imputation, & deeming it a thing unbefitting his person to stir in justifying himselfe vvith multitude of vvords, in excuse of that vvhich vvanted not any, hee saith to him only, my good Son, vvho hath put this into thy head? The other repli'd. That he knew it partly, & *Pheroras* did assure him of it. *Pheroras* is presently sent for

and *Herod*, vvho did ever uſe him like a ſervant, frown'd upon him, as though hee vvould have lookt him dead. Thou Rake-hell (quoth he) vvhat haſt thou ſpoken to this young man? It vvas not a tale vvhich thou haſt vvhiſper'd him in the eare, but a ſword thou haſt arm'd his hand vvith againſt his father: for he doth juſtly not to brook a companion of his bed, no more vvould I of my Realme. Ungratefull vvretch ſhouldſt not thou have torne thy heart out of thy breſt, rather then conceiv'd ſuch a thought of thy brother? The houſe was never tainted with ſuch crimes, nor never ſhal, except thou peſter it with thine. Pack, and let me ſee thee no more; I ordaine tortures for other delinquents, but for thee (in that thou art ſo wicked) I leave thee to the lack of

thine own conſcience, not finding a fitter executioner.

Pheroras nothing amated with this noiſe, anſwered, that he knew nothing, but what *Salome* (who was there preſent) had told him; as indeed it ſprung from her. But the crafty *Megera* incontinently crying out, and teating her haire, ſaid, it was a lamentable caſe, that ſhe ſhould be perſecuted by all the world, onely for being faithfull to her brother. *Herod* could not chooſe but ſtand amaz'd to ſee theſe ruptures in his houſe; and he ſaw not in the mean while, that his bad example was the ſourſe & originall of all theſe curſes that befell it. He did nothing to *Pheroras*, but diſcard him for a time: for though he was much incenſt, yet he did not ſtorme in earneſt, but againſt thoſe that hee thought to

conſpire againſt his eſtate; and *Pheroras* ſeem'd to bee none of thoſe, for he was a lewd perſon, a libertine that had married his maid for luſt, refuſing a Kings daughter, & all his thoughts were bent only upon pleaſure. It was by others judg'd that this was no ſufficient penance for *Pheroras* in ſuch a fault, and that this might increaſe the defiance between the Father and his Son. Now ſee the reaſon why *Antipater*, who had alwaies maintain'd his credit with *Herod*, taking hold on this occaſion, begins the battery more furiouſly then ever, and having obſerved ſome familiarity between *Alexander*, and the three Eunuchs, that were moſt entruſted with *Herods* chamber, he gave intelligence under hand, that *Alexanders* conſpiracie was all finiſht, & that the chiefeſt

chiefeſt Eunuches about *Herods* chamber were his complices here in. They are forthwith attacht, & tortur'd. Their bodies grown effeminate with eaſe and delicacie, ſeeing thẽſelves ſo rudely pincht, ſpake both what they knew, and what they knew not, and after all, they could not ſpeak any thing, but of the bravery and youthfull boaſtings that had ſlipt from *Alexanders* mouth, as theſe and the like; That theſe Eunuches were but fooles to adhere to an old dotard, who did colour his haire for to ſeem young, but it was bootles, his houre-glaſſe was run out, his time was paſt, & theirs was come: that the kingdome could not eſcape them, having juſtice, ſtrength, and good credit to their ſide, yea and ſo many ſonnes of *Mars*, men of ſteel, and valour, that would

not faile them in time of need. Such ſpeeches they utter'd, but no ſuch as *Antipater* pretended, and they ſpake too much for a ſuſpicious head. It was a miſery to ſee this miſerable Court ſo much diſmembred, here was nothing to be heard or ſeen, but accuſations, defiances, diſtruſts and tortures. Every man lookt one upon the other, and thought he had no other way of ſecurity, but to prevent his companion. They depoſe each day many ridiculous and improbable things that took no effect. There were not found but one or two, that being preſt with the extremity of pain, and to rid themſelves out, ſaid that *Alexander* had given out in *Rome*, that his father was more inclin'd to the *Parthians* then to the *Romans*, and as they redoubled their torments in the favour

vour of *Antipater*, they did even ſpeak what ever they would have them; as that *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus* had conſpired to make away their father by poyſon, and then to goe to *Rome* to demand the Crown, which had no ſhew of probability; and as they were aske where was this poyſon? They added that it was in the Caſtle of *Aſcalon*. And diligent ſearch being made, there was no ſuch matter found. Nevertheleſſe *Alexander* is areſted; hee being of a generous temper, and much moved to ſee executioners ſo buſily imployed, ſpake with a lowd voice to *Herod*, by way of Irony, What needs all theſe butcheries? Since that you will needs be deceived, why I have conſpired againſt your life: And if you deſire to know with whom, it was with *Pheroras*, your

brother and ſiſter *Salome*, with *Ptolomie*, *Lapritius*, and others of your Councellers. Kill all the world and you may reigne alone in ſafety. Hee ſpoke too much to be believed, and ſpoke it with an accent, that ſpoke nothing leſſe. He is hereupon ſhut up in priſon for ſome daies, untill that *Archelaus* (King of *Capadocia*) his father in law, being advertis'd of this diſaſter, arrives at *Herods* Court. Hee makes with *Herod* no raſh encounter, charging him with too much credulity, and the like with a mild temper. This was not the courſe to deale with a man that deſir'd altogether to juſtifie his actions. The *Capadocian* with a mild temper ſtrikes ſayle, makes a ſhew of great pitty to ſee him in theſe troubles; ſaying, that his ſons did him great wrong to moleſt him in

this

this wiſe, that he came thither not to excuſe his own ſon in law, but to puniſh his own daughter, if ſhe were faulty. *Herod* took ſuch comfort to heare him ſpeak in that manner, that the teares trill'd down his cheeks: And *Archelaus* ſeeing that hee found it fit ſeaſon for perſwaſion, begins by degrees to tell him, that intruth the young Princes ſhew'd ſomewhat too much ſtubbornneſſe, but their youth and gentleneſſe were abuſed, and it were well if this were lookt to. He acted his part ſo well that he at laſt diſpell'd the miſt of calumnie. And *Glaphira* ſeeing her ſelfe now upon the ſtage, did with good language, & her teares carry all ſhee would for her huſband, ſo that the poore priſoner was forthwith releaſed.

Herod began now to live like a

Cyclops

Cyclops in his Cave, walking ſtill in the miſts, and darkneſſe of diſtruſtfull feares, and each moment upon the point to perpetrate freſh cruelties. And when they ſaw him to bee ſo much frighted with ſhadowes, *Antipater* did not faile to ſupply him with ſtuffe, and matter to feed his ſuſpitions, thereby to advance his own fortunes. There arrives an impoſtor, a *Grecian* to the Court of *Iudea*, nam'd *Euricles*, in the ſtate, and equipage of a Prince, and beſtowed many preſents on *Herod*, for to inſinuate to his favours. The unhappy King likes well of the man, and places him in the liſt, and number of his moſt intimate friends. Hee did lodge with *Antipater*, and (ſeeing him pred ominant in Court) in all his actions hee ſtudied to win his favour, and liking aboue all, which

he

he did obtain by converſing frequently, and familiarly with *Alexander*, and fetching the ſecrets of his heart, which hee would after report (true, or falſe) to the eares of *Herod*, who did give him much credit.

Three yeares being ſcarce paſt over, behold calumnie diſgorgeth the reſt of its venome: Two ſouldiers of *Herods* guard being caſheer'd for ſome light offence, were afterwards imprudently received into *Alexanders* houſe, who did favour them ſeeing they were men of goodly perſonages, and capable of good ſervice. Theſe are accus'd to have partakt in the conſpiracy, they are immediatly apprehended and put upon the rack; the violence of the torments forc't them to ſay that by the ſollicitation of *Alexander* and *Ariſtobulus*

mon

bulus they had a deſigne upon the perſon of *Herod* for to kill him in hunting. At that very time the Governour of the *Alexandrine* Citadell (which was one of the ſtrongeſt pieces of the Realme) is charged to have promiſed to betray it into the power of theſe young Princes which he did ſtifly renege.

But his ſon who had ſuffered ſome diſgrace by his father, ſteps out and ſaith the depoſition was true: then hee produc'd letters as from *Alexander*, which confirm'd it, which were thought notwithſtanding to have come from Secretary *Diophantes*, who made a trade of ſuch forgeries.

Herod required no farther proofes, he makes his two ſons to be laid hold on, and reſolves to deſtroy them. And indeed every man

from

from that time forward held them but loſt men. While theſe things were in motion, *Melas* one of the Councellours of the King of *Cappadocia* comes to *Iudea* to knowe where lay the knot and difficulty of the buſineſſe; hee findes the diſcord very much rankled & feſtred beyond his art and remedies. The wicked father convents his ſonne (calling him from priſon) before *Melas*, there to examine him, and to charge him with ſuch crimes as were depos'd againſt him. *Alexãder* asks where the deponẽts were? It was anſwer'd they were now dead. Hee repli'd that this was wrong dealing to put them to death with a lye in their mouthes, which was extorted from them by force of torments, and to ſeale thẽ up for ever that they might not deliver the truth. As for him and

his

his brother *Aristobulus*, they had no other intention then to fly to *Capadocia* and thence to *Rome* for to deliver themselves from the violent hands of their father. When *Herod* heard him speak of the voiage to *Capadocia*, he desires *Melas* to enquire particularly of *Glaphira*, if she did not reveal more evidence touching this designe; who when she saw at first entry her husband in bolts, it was a pittious thing to see how it afflicted her. O my deare husband, saith she, are these the favours your father bestowes on you! Is this the Diadem that he hath promised you? Grief that clogg'd her heart smothered the rest. A spring of teares flowed from *Alexanders* eyes, who lov'd her most dearely, and all the company was so moved with this piteous spectacle, that those who sate

there

thereto examine them, lookt one upon another, and forgot the formality of justice. *Herod* demanded of *Alexander* if his wife were not privy to all his secrets, he made answer, that for her deserts and discretion he never conceal'd ought from her. The poor Princesse was somewhat frighted at the speech, yet spake very simply that she was ignorant of all that was past as the child that was yet unborn: howbeit she was very ready to tell a ly for to save her husband, and shee never used to disavow any fault that her husband should tax her with. *Alexander* being touche to the quick with her pious intention tells her, *Madam* never wonder at it, you know well that I never had any other drift but to bring you to *Capadocia* to see the King your Father; Joe that is all

our

our offence. This did not cure *Herod*, but made his ſuſpition yet to extend towards King *Archelaus*, taking it ill that hee would have withdrawn his ſon without his leave, and knowledge: he ſends the priſoners back to their quarter, & in the mean while diſpatcheth new Embaſſadours to *Rome* for to juſtifie himſelfe of ſome falſe aſperſions caſt upon him, & to obtain frō *Cæſar* the liberty to diſpoſe of his Children according as juſtice would require, which was granted him. The young Princes were ſo exclaim'd upon & belied with ſuch ſtrange reports at *Rome*, that there was no man would adventure to undertake their defence. He being very glad of ſuch ſpeedy and ſucceſſefull audience (as he was a man ful of formalities, who did alwaies give his paſſions the gloſſe

gloſſe and tincture of juſtice, He calls a Councel for the arraigning of his ſonnes, admitting all thoſe that he ſaw, and knew to be ill inform'd, for to favour his intentions, & omitting others that might any way divert or hinder them; among others *Archelaus*, who was expreſſely named by *Cæſar* for to examine the cauſe. Moreover, which was horrible injuſtice, he would not have his ſonnes to appeare before the Iudges to heare what they could ſpeake in their owne defence, but he enters to the Court full gorg'd with gall and venome; he was never ſeene to change the Copy of his countenance ſo much as that time; his paſſions had all tranſfigur'd him in ſuch ſort, that hee ſpake ſuch words, and did ſuch actions as indebeſeem his gravity: his friends

were mistaken in him, and he seem'd to them to be a savage rather then a King: sometimes hee did complaine and lament, sometimes stood mute, and stampt for anger: he produced some Letters of his sonnes that carried nothing of weight but only their journey to *Cappadocia*, and yet notwithstanding as if he gain'd some great victory: he cryes out, my Masters, what say you to this? See you not this ungracious dealing! O that I had dyed before I had known and seen such treachery! Then he saith he would referre all to the course of justice that he would doe nothing through passion, and anon he proclaimes, that he had not called the Assembly for to passe a Judgment, but to follow and subscribe to his sentence that posterity might with the more horror

horror speake of such Parracides, then playing the Scribe or Theodoger, he quotes *Deuteronomy*, where it is permitted to Fathers to stone their rebellious children to death, then he shewes *Cæsars* Letters, which with them carried more strength then his *Deuteronomy*, and insisted so much upon them, as if the Delinquents had been formerly condemned by the sentence of *Augustus Cæsar*. When they came to reckon the voices, *Egnatius* a Roman, one of Consular dignity and great authority, dissuaded plainly this cruelty, telling him that hee was himselfe a Father, and hee knew what it was to be such a one, and that *Herod* would repent of his cruelty, this good man had three of his sonnes with him at that time, all gallant men and employed

ployed in places of dignity and trust, who did plead in favour of the young Princes, but all to no effect. After them starts up one *Volumnius* a rude fellow, who was a prime man, and a leader of the factious file, which was impanell'd to serve *Herod's* purposes; these all with one accord past a sentence of death most unjustly: when this arrest was divulg'd abroad, an old souldier of *Herods* guard named *Tero*, much moved with the newes, streight goes to the pallace, and desires to speake with the King in private, which was permitted him. This good man taking him aside utterèd his tale so seriously, and withall so boldly, that he stuck not to say that he had lost his wits, when hee would put to death the true heires for to set up a Viper, who in fine would gnaw

 his

his bowels when he thought himselfe safest. *Herod* at first listned to him patiently; but when hee ran on too much on that strain, he aske him who were those that found fault with his proceedings? why that is I (said the old man) & these and these persons of quality, which he reckoned unto him. *Herod* sends him to safe custody, while he makes sure of the rest, whom he dooms all to die. Then causing his sonnes to be brought all to the City of *Sebast*, hee dispatcheth two of the most cruell Lictors that he had in his service, for to strangle them in prison. The poor Princes, who expected nothing lesse then such a sentence, seeing the dreadfull visages of these hel-hounds, and the horrid shape of death before their eyes, grew pale and bloodlesse with feare,

and aske them what newes they brought: but they taking them apart like sheepe accounted for the slaughter, and shewing them the instrument of death, they plainly discover'd the reason of their comming; for without any more adoe they tooke them by the throats, & putting the fatall cords about, strangled them by maine force without any mercy. Poore *Saphira*, who did yet cherish a good hope of her husband's deliverance, when she was a preparing of new batteries to move her Father in law to mercy, she heares at once the sad story of *Alexander's* death, and her owne widdowhood: she was for a good while in a swoune, and after recovery stood as mute as a statue, then recollecting her spirits, and fetching a deepe and heavy sigh, Alas quoth she

she I never thought that Herod would proceed to this! Tell him his sacrifice of cruelty is not yet compleat: Loe here one moyty of it yet survives. *Alexander*, my deare *Alexander*, that livest eternally in my heart, must thou have ended thy candid innocent daies by such an infamous executioner? Must thou have for thy hang-man one whom nature had given for thy Father? Thou shouldst at least have call'd for mee to receive the last breathing of thy departing soule, to receive thy last speeches, & to lay them up in the Cabinet of my heart. Then turning to her two children that were by her side: Alas poor Orphans, your Father wil no more dandle you, and you must now begin your apprentiship of misery in this tender age. The poore Lady did afflict her selfe

extremely day and night, and being not able to live any longer in the Court of *Iudea*, no more then in a Lion's denne, shee was sent back to *Capadocia* to the King her Father. *Herod* retained her two sonnes under colour of bringing them up, but indeed for his greater safety, for feare that their name might serve for a pretence to some revolt.

O the providence of the Almighty! Thou seemest too tardy in powring vengeance upon the heads of malefactors. These young Princes the children of so vertuous a Mother, so well educated, & so compleat for all good parts, being declar'd heires apparent to the Crowne: These Princes, who were seene (but five years before) to returne in triumph from *Rome* to *Jerusalem*, like the

two twin-ſtarres that gilded all Paleſtine with their reſplendent beames: Theſe Princes who promis'd ſo many Trophies, and ſo many wonders, behold them now in their verdant yeares, in the flowre of their hopes, at the gate of the Temple of honour, for a little freeneſſe in language unmercifully maſſacred, and inſteed of a crowne upon their head, die with cords about their necks, ſtrangled by the hands of two of *Herod's* guard! Loe the goodly apprentiſhip, and eſſayes that *Herod* made three yeares before the birth of our Saviour for to prepare himſelfe for actions, yet more horrible and tragicall! It is ſaid of *Sylla* that if mercy her ſelfe were in humane fleſh upon the earth, hee would have ſlaine her; but *Herod* did what was worſe, after ſo many

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butcheries his thirſt of blood could not yet be ſatisfied, but imbrues his hands in the blood of 14000 Innocents, and ſeeks to deſtroy the Saviour of mankind, the Son of God himſelfe. as every man knows the ſtory out of holy Writ.

'Tis now time to ſee the guerdon of theſe diſtorted degenerous ſoules, that wee may obſerve the line or courſe of divine providence, which doth uſe to inflict ſome exemplary puniſhments here on earth on the wicked, and to give them a reliſh of thoſe eternall paines they ſhall endure in hell.

Deteſtable *Antipater*, who had contriv'd theſe miſchiefes, ſeeing the two heires of the Kingdome made away by his undermining wit, thought hee had already

mounted

mounted halfe the degrees to the Throne. Hee continued in his quaint roguries, and malicious pranks, still lurking under the maske of piety, as one that had extreme care of the life and state of his Father, aymming in the meane while at no other but thereto make himselfe shortly absolute Lord. And fearing that *Herod's* affection toward him (which was ever wavering and changeable,) should coole, he goes about every day to practise great intelligences to make his cards, and winne benevolence, but hee was hated of the people as a Tigre, and the souldiers that knew him guilty of his brethrens blood (who were so well belov'd of the nobles) could never affect him.

The Commonalty above all were extremely touch'd with com-

passion,

passion, when ever the children of *Alexander* and *Aristobulus* (who were brought up in *Herod's* court) were led in the streets. All the world beheld the poore Orphans with weeping eies, and with much anguish of soule call'd to mind the disasters of their Fathers. *Antipater* saw well that it was expedient for him to absent himselfe from the Court, both to extinguish envy, and that hee might not singe his wings by flickering too long about the candle, fearing that in time his Father (who was but too cunning in such matters) would sent him out and his projects. Yet notwithstanding hee was so close, that hee would not openly begge leave of *Herod* for absence, for feare hee should engender suspicion, but he got his friend at *Rome* (with whom hee dealt under hand)

hand to write letters to his father in his behalfe, which effected all that he desired, namely, that it was expedient for him to send him to *Rome*, for to breake and divert some enterprises of the *Arabians* on the Kingdome of *Iudea*. *Herod* having received these Letters, dispatcheth him presently, with a very goodly equipage, with great Presents, and the Testament withall, whereby he was declared King after his fathers decease. Loe fortune hath fill'd the dayles of his desires! But as the eye of the Almighty never sleepes, and takes the crafty in their own imaginations, it hapned that *Pherorus*, who as we have related, acted his part in this bloody tragoedy, departed this world by a suddain death, and poyson'd as it was thought by the maid which he had married.

Herod

Herod being intreated to goe over to his brothers house to make inquisition of the fact, findes by good warrant and (besides his thoughts) how that *Antipater* his son had sent *Pheroras* (when he was in disgrace and out of favour at Court) some poyson for to make away his father then while he was at *Rome*, that so he might returne immediatly to *Palestine* with his temples girt with a Diadem. This was deposed by a son of *Antipaters* farmer, whom he had made overseer of his estate during his absence, which was seconded with such pregnant & strong presumptions and evident circumstances, that there was now nothing left to suspend his belief. *Herod* asks where was this poyson. The young man replied, it was with the widdow of his brother *Pheroras*.

was

ras: she being questioned concerning it got up to an upper roome, pretending to goe and fetch it, but being got up to the top of the house, in a desperate manner shee casts her selfe down headlong; but it pleased God that this fall proved not mortall according to her desire. They did incourage her and made all promises of impunity, if she would but freely confesse the truth: She confesseth that indeed her husband had a poyson sent from *Antipater*, and that hee was once minded for to doe the deed, but it repented him a litle before his death, & he detested such wickednesse: & upon these words shee takes out the poyson which they found to be most deadly, by making experiment upon condemn'd persons. At that very time *Bathillus* a freeman of *Antipaters*

pater was surprised, comming from *Rome* to *Iudea*, to advise *Pheroras* to hasten his designe, & bringing another poyson, in case the former did not prove effectuall. In the mean time *Antipater* writes to his Father, that hee labour'd diligently at *Rome* to dispell some cloudes of slander and to cleare his affaires, which hee hoped to bring about, and to return very shortly for *Iudea*. *Herod* who would have long since caught him in his clawes, sends to him these lines;

Sonne, my declining age & the crazinesse of my body doe every day instruct me that I am mortall, one thing comforts me that I have made choice of your person to succeed me in my Throne; I shall see my old age spring againe & flourish in your youth and my death

death to be smother'd (as it were) in your life, seeing that I shall liue in my other halfe, which is your deare selfe. I would you had continued still neere my person, not only for the assistance your piety still afforded me, but for the prejudice that might acrew to your fortune by your absence: Faile not therefore with the good leave of *Cæsar* to render your self here present with the best speed you can; delay will not any way favour your affaires here. This bayt had charm enough to allure, and art enough to conceale the hook. Vpon these news, hee was ready to ride upon the wings of the winde to present himselfe in *Ierusalem*: He dispatcheth his businesse, takes leave of *Augustus*, & makes all expedition possible to shew the behests of his father. It was very

ſtrange, that hee could never have any advertiſements by the way of what had paſſed, ſo odious was he to God and man! But being at *Cilicia*, hee learnt that his mother was diſcarded and expell'd the Court, which did much affright him, and hee thought to beat his way back againe: But one of his Councell (perchance ſuborn'd by *Herod*) begins to tell him, that if there were nothing intended againſt him he needed not to feare, and if any ſlander was broacht of him, hee ought to make the more haſt to quaſh it, otherwiſe his abſence would but cauſe further ſuſpicion. He ſwallowes the adviſe, and (notwithſtanding ſome ſecret reluctancie, & remorſe of conſcience) he followes the road for *Iudea*. When hee was arrived at the haven of *Sebaſte* he began to enter

into

into deeper apprehensions of danger then ever; for having seen at this very Port not long before at his departure such a throng of people tearing the ayre with their acclamatiõs, not for any love they owed to him, but to shew their obeisance to *Herod*, who would have it so; but he now perceived that fortune had turn'd tail, he was receiv'd with a lowring countenance, & some did look upon him askue with a quarter face, & murmur'd between their teeth, as cursing him for that hee had spilt his brethrens bloud. He was engag'd too far on to make retrait, & Gods vengeance had already markt out his lodgings. He goes on from *Sebaste* strait for *Ierusalem*, and marches to the Pallace, sumptuously apparelled, and with a numerous traine: the Gard made way for him

to enter, but were commanded by the King to keep back all those that attended him, hee was quite astonisht to see himselfe caught so like a bird in a net; nevertheless he goes on his vvay, enters the hall vvhere his father staid, expecting his approach, accompanied with *Quintilius Varus* lately sent from *Rome* to bee Governour of *Syria*. When hee had made a most reverend submissive congy, he drawes neere to kisse his father according to the manner of the Countrey, but he straightvvaies heares the roaring of a Lion, for *Herod* dravving a step backe cryes out, Stand aloofe Murtherer, it is not for you any more or any such to receive the welcome kisses of a father: Behold there *Q. Varus* your Iudge, bethink your selfe by to morrow how to answer to such

crimes

crimes as you are charged with. He was thunderstrooke with this speech and withdrew himself out of the roome with paleneſſe in his face, and the horrour of his crime in his conſcience. In the next chamber he findes his mother and his wife all drencht in teares, who with lamenting eyes had already ſolemniz'd his funerall: ſuch an aſtoniſhment ſeiz'd upon him that hee had neither a tongue to comfort them, nor ſo much as teares to bewaile his own misfortunes. He paſt over all the night with much diſquiet of minde, finding now by experiment that it was eaſier for to commit a crime then excuſe it. The morrow being come, hee was call'd before the judgement ſeat, where hee found his father with *Q. Varus* & a good number of the Counſellers of

ſtate. Vpon the very point, newes was brought of ſome letters of his mother that were intercepted, which did give him notice that all was diſcover'd, and that he ſhould beware to return and put himſelfe into the hands of his father, if hee would not fall into the jaws of a Lion. This was ſhewed him at his entrie into the Councell-Chamber, hee expected but the houre when he ſhould be ſtrangled, hee was already under the Strapadoes of his conſcience; therefore caſting himſelfe down on his knees, hee begs of his father that hee might not be condemn'd before he vvere heard; *Herod* replies, Varlet what haſt thou to ſay? Hath God reſerved thee to be the laſt ſcourge of my old age? Thou knoweſt I have taken thee from the bottome and lees of fortune for to place

thee

thee aboue thy brethren, both beyond and against all hopes. I have put all my treasures, my reuenues, my authority, my affection, my secrets, my heart, and my Crowne into thy hands by a testament sealled with mine owne hand, and couldst not thou expect till thy Fathers eyes were closed vp by a naturall death, that thou might'st freely enjoy them? This was it that thy designes did then aym at when thou didst so hotly pursue the deaths of thy brethren. I have done nothing in their arraignment but by thy denunciation, a wicked vice. Accurst wretch, I am afraid that thou hast stain'd me with their blood, thy crimes do'h now giue light to their innocence. At these words hee wept bitterly, recalling to minde his *Adrianne*, and vnhappy children, hee found

his heart ſo oppreſt with ſorrow, that he was faine to entreat his Chancellour *Nicholas Damaſcene* to proceed. *Antipater* prevented him and ſpake in his own defence, That they did him great wrong to believe ſlaves, and women to his prejudice, that he had *Ceſars* letters (whom he could no more deceive then God himſelfe) which gave ample teſtimony of his good abeare, and what content he gaue to all at *Rome*; that he was never wanting in his piety towards his Father, and it were a peece of extreme folly to thruſt himſelfe into uncertain dangers for a Crowne that he was certain of, and had in his own hands. Briefly, not to make a longer diſcourſe, that hee offered himſelfe to be uſed like a ſlave, and to bee ſet upon the rack to prove his innocence. And ſpeaking

king this he did rave, and stamp in a fearefull manner, insomuch that he began to move all the bench to pitty and wonder. *Nicholas Damascene* being a stern and rough Iudge, takes him in hand, confronts him with witnesses, canvasseth him, presseth, puzles, & quite confounds him, then dischargeth a bloudy invective against him, exaggerating (like an Orator) all the circumstances of his crime. Is it not (saith he) a brutish stupidity to conspire against your Father, the bloud of your brethren being as yet before your eyes, and all the assurances of a Scepter in your hands, must a man needs be a Parricide for to bee possessour of a Crown which was bequeathed you by Testament so solemne and authentick? Did you expect any more then that your Fathers

blood

blood should be the seal? and such a father whose life is precious among all good men, and whose nature is so indulgent in favour of his children, deserve they never so little. An ingratitude able to make heaven to blush, and the earth to tremble under our feet, yea and worthy that all the elements should conspire to chastise it. The man ran on thus in fire and fury, powring out a torrent of words, while the wretch *Antipater* with a dejected countenance pray'd God to work some miracle in his behalf for to manifest his innocence, seeing that he was mercilessly oppress by the malice of his adversaries. It is strange that a man who had no god in his life time, would now seek one at his death. This man liv'd as though there were neither heaven nor hell, and seeing himself

selfe so neere the brink of death, he besough a Deity to patronize his offence. *Varus* speaks to him, my friend, expect not any extraordinary signes from heaven on your behalfe, but if you haue any specious reason or Apologie produce it into evidence, the King your Father desires nothing more then that you might quit your selfe nobly. Vpon this hee was confounded as a lost man. *Varus* taking the poyson which was brought to the judgement seat caus'd it to be giuen to a Malefactour that was sentenced to death, who died immediatly in the place, whereupon all the assembly arose forthwith, thereby giving manifest token of *Antipater's* condemnation. His Father now holding him for convict, demands of him who were his complices, he nam'd but *Anti-*

philus

philus only who had brought the poiſon, and ſaid that that Varlet had been the cauſe of his undoing. It wanted but litle, that *Herod* did not then preſently execute the ſentence of death; but according to his ordinary proceedings he reſolv'd to acquaint *Cæſar* therewith firſt, and to ſend him the proceſſe with full inſtructions of the examination, that ſo he might doe according to his good pleaſure. In the mean while *Antipater* is ſhut up in cloſe priſon, expecting each day (like a piacular victime) the farall ſtroak.

Herod moreover had now about threeſcore and ten yeares upon his back, and by the feebleneſſe of his age perceived the ſignalls of deaths approch: This was a bit very tough to digeſt, never did any man love this life ſo well, hee had

had verily parted with his portion in the other world, that hee might enjoy this forever, for that, indeed he was ſuperlatively wicked. Towards his later daies hee grew ſo penſive and then ſo cholerick, and furious, that his domeſtick ſervãts knew not how to boord him. Hee was in his Court like an old Lion bound in the chaines of incurable diſeaſes: Hee perſwaded himſelfe, that hee was hated of all the world, and hee was not deceived in his opinion, for hee had given but too much occaſion.

The people burſt the yoke of duty and allegiance, and could no longer endure him. As ſoon as the rumour ran of his ſickneſſe, *Iudas* and *Mathias*, two of the moſt famous Doctors of the Iewiſh law, who had all the youth of *Hieruſalem* under their charge, inſtigated

stigated some of the boldest of their sect unto a vehemous attempt, as thus: *Herod* having reedified & much beautified the Temple of *Hierusalem* (as hee had alwaies shewed himselfe for his own interests an Idolater of *Cæsars* fortune,) caus'd on the chiefest gate thereof to bee planted the *Roman Eagle* which glittered all in gold: This was a great eye-sore to the *Jews*, who never could endure any shape of man or beast within their Temples, so much did they abhor these monsters which their fathers in *Ægypt* ador'd. Lo, this was the reason why *Judas* & *Mathias*, who were as the principall men (thinking that *Herods* sickenesse favour'd their purposes) began to exhort in good earnest the most valiant of the young men that frequented their houses, to take in

hand

hand Gods quarrell according to the noble ſpirits of their anceſters and to batter down this abomination that was advanc'd upon the Temple: the danger was not now ſo great, *Herod* being cumbred with buſineſſes and diſeaſes, but if it ſhould happen that any ſhould looſe his life, to dye in ſo good & glorious an act was to dye triumphant, and Laurells would grow up out of their tombes. They faild not to ſpur up theſe younkers, & to ſet an edge on their courage, with many ſpecious and plauſible arguments. Loe a regiment of the moſt reſolute of them, goes forth at mid-day, arm'd with axes and hatchets, who ſcale the Temple & quaſh in pieces the Eagle in the ſight of all the world; *Judas* and *Matthias* being then preſent, and ſerving as trumpets to the ſeditiſ-

on.

on. The noise arriv'd presently at Court, the Captain of the Guard runs thither with a maniple of the hardiest souldiers, hee was afraid of some greater matter towards, & that this demolition was but a velitation, or skirmish of a greater tumult. But at first onset, when he began to charge, the people did retire, which did encourage him to fall on, and to follow closer: forty young men that were busiest were taken in the place, *Iudas* and *Matthias* bearing them company, thinking it a dishonour to recoile, and that they ought to follow them at least into danger, whom they at first had lead into mischiefes. As they were presented to *Herod*, and being askt whence proceeded that insolent presumption and rashnes, they frankly answered that the businesse had been consulted of, &

well

well discust among them, and if it were yet to be done, they were ready to put into execution: forasmuch as they were more oblig'd to obey *Moses* then *Herod*. *Herod* somewhat startled with their resolution, and fearing greater commotions, caus'd them secretly to be convey'd to *Ierico*, whether himself was carried, though weak and sickly. Then assembling the chiefest of them, he speaks to them from his couch, making a large narration of the good offices hee had done to that nation, of the Temple which he had built, the ornaments with which he did enrich in; adding that in few yeares he had done what their *Hassamonean* Kings could not in 120, and in recompence of his piety they went at high-noon to violate with strange insolence a sacred dona-

tive he bestowed on the Temple, in the which God was more interessed then himselfe, and therefore he did so much the more require a reason of this attempt.

These men fearing to awake his anger, further did falsifie & elude the blow, and did transfer it all on their companions, abandoning them to the discretion of the king. Thereupon the Priesthood was taken away from *Matthias*, and another *Matthias*, who was held to be a ring-leader in the sedition, was burnt alive with his companions that same night, at which time was seen an eclipse of the Moon, which made the spectacle yet more terrible. *Herod* some few daies after having tried, and spent in vain all humane remedies, was brought into a miserable state of sickneſſe, which is pertinently described

scribed by *Iosephus* and *Eusebius*. It was Gods pleasure hee should drink often and deep of the cup of his justice in this life, wasting his wretched body with tedious paines: therefore hee was smote from heaven, and was charged with a fierce squadron of incurable diseases, he that frō his youth up did burn with a furious ambition, felt at his death a greedy fire feeding on his entralls: hee that all his life time had an insatiable thirst of a massing treasure (insomuch that he digg'd up the tombes of *David* and *Solomon* for to ransack the spoiles) was tormented with a Dog appetite; a horrible disease, and which modesty feares to describe, which made him cry out for hunger, eating day and night and could not be satisfied, hee that made so many voiages and per-

formed so many atchievements to raise himselfe aboue the levell of ordinary fortunes, saw then his feet swolen with redundant humours. He that practis'd so many tortures in his lifetime, was now rackt with the violent and intolerable pangs of a Chollick: he that bereav'd so many men of their breath, did now draw breath with much difficulty and pain: He that held humane wisdome and pollicie for the nerves and strength of his estate, felt now in his body such Cramps and Convulsions of Nerves and Sinewes, that hee was sorely and pittifully shaken: Hee that had shed poore *Mariannes* blood, murther'd her Sonnes for to make the Kids boile in the milk of the Damme, as the Scripture speaks: Hee that had imbrued his hands in the bloud of about

14000 innocents with an intention to involve the Saviour of the world in that generall massicre died in his own bloud afflicted with a cruell dissentry. He that had abused his member with monstrous luxurie was over-run and consum'd with an army of Lice, accõpanied with an ignominious satiriasme, a disease which I scarde dare name. And now, say the eye of providence is not awakt for the punishing of delinquents. This desperate wretch at his death insteed of adoring the justice of God and kissing the rod that gave him correction, thinks on new slaughters. Hee assembles by an edict the most principall of the Iewes out of every Province unto *Ierico*, and having pounded thẽ within the cirque hee calls to him his Sister *Salome* and her husband

Alexander, and addresseth his speech unto them in this manner.

It grieves mee not at all to dye and to render that tribute to nature, which so many Kings before me have paid. But it troubles mee that my death wil not be so much bemoaned as I could wish, if you doe refrain your hands. Know then that for this purpose I have sent for these Nobles of *Iudea*; As soone as ever death shall draw these Curtaines over mine eyes, let them all fall by the edge of the sword, and let not my death be divulg'd before that the newes of these mens death arrive at each ones Country and kindred. By this meanes I hope to fill all *Iudea* with lamentation and woe, which will be musick to my soule at her last departure. This pernicious fiend in thus speaking, besought his

Siſter with hot teares, by all that ſhe eſteemed in the world moſt precious & ſacred, & as ſhe hoped for Paradiſe, to perform his wil, and to give him content: ſhe muſt promiſe it with an oath at that very inſtant, though afterwards it was not at all put in execution.

In this ſole act hee ſhewed that he was not inform'd with a reaſonable ſoule, he was but a wolfe in mans skin and ſhape, and that the thirſt of humane bloud was now chang'd into his nature. As hee was making this goodly Teſtament, Letters were brought him from *Cæſar* which did acquaint him that one *Acme* a Iewiſh Damſell, who was of the train of *Livia* the wife of *Auguſtus*, had beene convicted of bad intelligence with *Antipater*, and was therefore puniſht with death, as for his ſonnes

he

hee referr'd them wholly to his own diſpoſall. This man at the point of death ſuckt revenge yet with wonderfull pleaſure. This newes was balme to his tortur'd carcaſe, he calls for an apple and a knife, thinking to pare it himſelfe, but thereupon his paines (that had given him but ſhort truce) aſſaild him with double force, ſo that he was quite weary of his life which he had ſo dearely lov'd. One of his grand children nam'd *Achiabus*, who at that time ſtood neere the bed, perceived that hee rolled his eyes furiouſly, and lookt as though he would have rid himſelf of his torments with the knife hee had in his hand, which did much affright the young Prince, who holding his arme as gently as hee could, hee beganne to cry out, as though his good father had yeel-

ded

ded up the Ghoſt, wherewith the whole Court was muſtered up. *Antipater* out of his priſon overheard the tumult, and ſuſpected that *Herod* was a dying; he did not yet deſpaire of the Crown, offering mountaines (as wee ſay) of gold to his Warder to let him eſcape.

But behold the judgement of God! the keeper of the priſon inſteed of all the ample rewards that were promiſed him, and which he might have enjoyed, he goes ſtrait way to the Father and relates to him how that *Antipater* had urg'd him withall ſupplications & promiſes to let him looſe out of the priſon, that he might take poſſeſſion of the kingdome. *Herod* raving and beating his head, cries out, what will the villain murther mee in my bed, I have yet life enough

to

to take away his, then raising him selfe a litle upon the boulster, and leaning upon his elbow, he cals to one of the Guard, goe you (quoth he) hence to the prison & kill that parricide there, and let him be interred in the Castle of *Hyrcania* without any Rites, or solemnities of a funerall. This was instantly executed, and such was the end of this unhappy thing, who mov'd Earth and Hell for to mount his fathers throne, according as some Mathematicians had foretold.

Five daies being expired from the death of *Antipater*, *Herod* after he had declared *Archelaus* for his Successour in the Realme, contrary to his first determinatiõ, whereby he had designed it for *Antipater*, after he had allotted to his two other Sonnes such portions as hee thought good, and bequeathed

large

large Legacies to *Augustus Cæsar*, he gave up his wretched soule in rage, and despaire, in the yeare of his life threescore and ten, and of his raigne 37. A man (saith *Iosephus*) whose actions alwaies overrul'd the Lawes, and his passions them, who notwithstanding all his prosperity was esteem'd the most miserable man in the world. Mark how this Author speaks, who was a wise Statesman, to instruct humane pollicy, that there is neither wisdome, nor greatnesse, nor happinesse where God is wanting. For to let passe the eternall torments of the other life, which this barbarous king (dying under the hand of vengeance) suffers. I am verily perswaded that there is no Pesant, nor Hind, (if he be not stupid) would change one day of his life for the thirty seven yeares of

Herods

Herods raigne, which hee past in continuall jealousnesse, troublesome affaires, perilous voyages, sinister mistrusts, barbarous cruelties, and remorse of conscience, which is the harbenger, & preamble of Hell. Leaving moreover behinde him a numerous, and unhappy Posterity.

FINIS.